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1911

Milady in Brown

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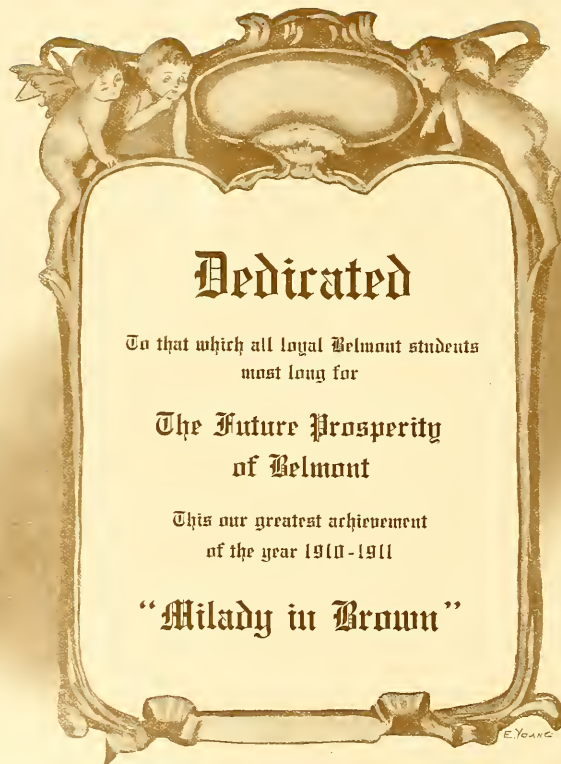
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WEBER, MARY AGNES, Y. W. C. A.	Tennessee	WILSON, MAMIE PEARL, Y. W. C. A.	Oklahoma
WEINERT, KATHERINE	Texas	WITHERS, HELEN D., Y. W. C. A.	Virginia
WESSON, KLARA MAXWELL	Mississippi	WOLCOTT, JULIET, Y. W. C. A.	Texas
WHEATLEY, MARY GLADYS, Y. W. C. A.	Tennessee	WOODARD, KATHLEEN, Y. W. C. A.	Tennessee
WHITE, CORINNE, B Σ O	Tennessee	WOODMAN, HANNAH MARIE, Y. W. C. A.	Illinois
WHITE, SARAH FRANCES, Y. W. C. A.	Georgia	WOODSDN, GLADYS	Missouri
WHITEHEAD, SUSIE ANNA	Alabama	WOOLDRIDGE, IDA FAE	Texas
WHITLEY, VIRGINIA ELEANOR	Illinois	WOOTEN, EFFIE, Y. W. C. A.	Oklahoma
WHITSON, MARY ALICE	Tennessee	WYATT, ORVETA MAYDELLE	Texas
WHITTINGTON, MARGARET, Y. W. C. A.	Georgia	WYCKOFF, MARION, Y. W. C. A.	Pennsylvania
WHITTINTON, MARION, Y. W. C. A.	Georgia	WYCKOFF, LENORE, Y. W. C. A.	Iowa
WILKES, ELOISE, Y. W. C. A.	Mississippi	YOUNG, BEERYCE, Y. W. C. A.	Mexico
WILKINSON, MABEL ANNA	West Virginia	YOUNG, MARY ELSIE, Y. W. C. A., Φ M	Kentucky





Milady in Babylon





THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK

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1911

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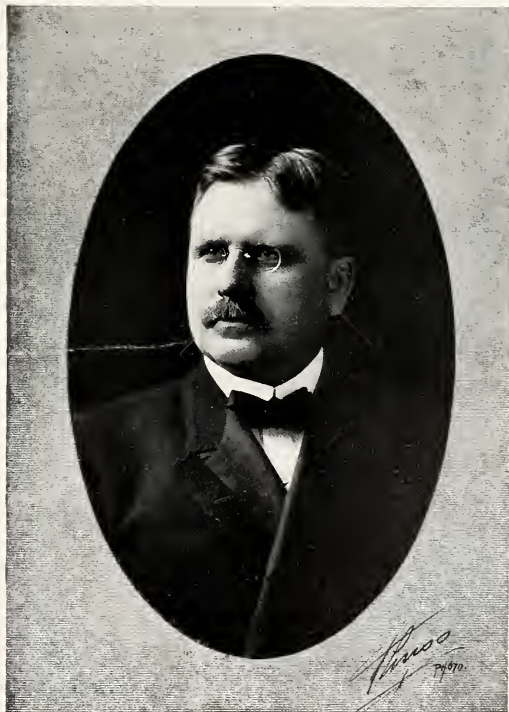
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PRESIDENT OF BELMONT COLLEGE



MISS HOOD



MISS HERON



INTRODUCTION

Should you ask me, Whence these stories?
Whence these poems and these fancies,
With the spirit of the college,
With the go and dash of schoolgirls,
With the rushing of the crushes,
With their frequent spats and fusses?
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the class rooms, from the chapel,
From the great minds of the students,
From the pranks, and from the feastings,
From the rooms, and halls, and campus,
I repeat them as I heard them,
From the lips of those who did them.
If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "What is this Belmont College?
Tell us of this growing wonder?"
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:
In the valley of the Cumberland,
On a crested hill in Nashville
Is our honored Alma Mater;
Round about this school of learning
Spreads the city with its wonders,
And beyond it stands old Vandy.

Ye who love the haunts of schoolgirls,
Love their mischief and their nonsense,
Love the shadow of discipline,
Love the voices of the teachers,
Listen to this college record—
To this song of life at Belmont.

—E. McC. AND S. L.







HILMA GREEN Florida

ANNAH MCINTIRE COX Kentucky

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Vice President of Sub-Senior Class, '09-'10; Bible Study Leader, '09-'10; Vice President of Senior Class, '10-'11; President of Cercle Francaise, '10-'11; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11; Bible Study Leader, '10-'11; Program Committee of Violin Club, '10-'11.

S. C. S. R. R.; Y. W. C. A.; President of Senior Class, '10-'11; President of German Club, '10-'11; Devotional Committee, Y. W. C. A.

Yes, she talks once in a while, but would not come under the parrot variety of people. Her constant companion is her "livre francais." On account of her youthful appearance, one would hardly have expected her to have attained the dignity of a B.A., but owing to the devotion of some one "down home" she grows younger every day, and we fear that this time next year she will have become Young indeed. It isn't Hilma's lot to be a leader, but she is perfectly happy to be a satellite—and it isn't a puzzle whose satellite she is either, because have you ever seen her without Hazel? Her hair is the greatest worry of her life—not how to make it grow—no, indeed—but what to do with such a bounteous supply. It is always in her own way, as well as other people's, and she will be glad of any suggestion anyone can give her about it. But those who know her best say she is studious and tries to use every minute of her time.

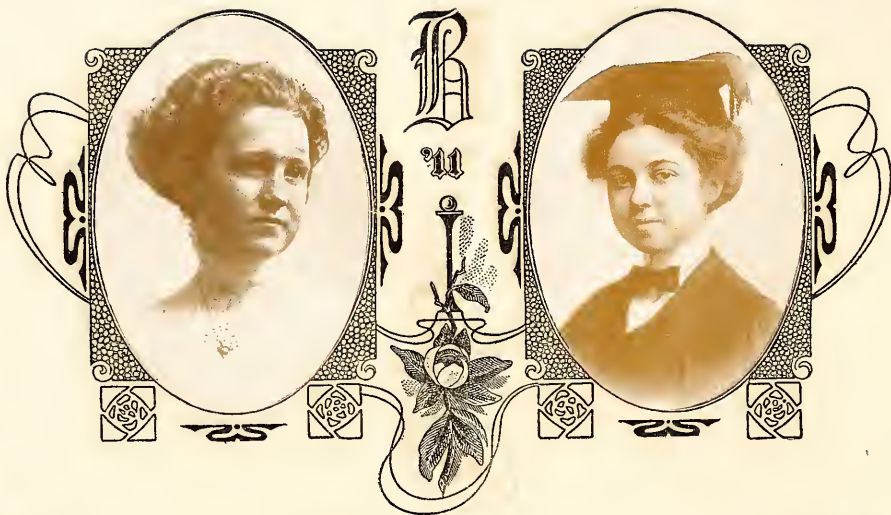
There is a young damsel named Cox,
Whose character's one full of shocks,

She's tall and she's thin,
And she looks like a pin,
And she's proof against all kinds of knocks.

In classes some say she's a shark,
With teachers she sure hits the mark,

As "pres" of the class,
She's quite a stunning lass,
And we'll 'rect her a shaft on the park.





ZELEVA PEARL BOLAND Missouri

HAZEL TYNES Alabama

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Northern Club.

S. C. S. R. R.; College Editor of "Blue and Bronze," '09-'10; Treasurer of Dixie Club; Vice President of Alabama Club.

Pearl, generally known to us as "Ma," is an ideal senior, with the exception of only a few small matters. Those being to her disadvantage are: She is inclined to take life too seriously, she worries over her grades. She worries over her appetite, and in an earnest manner she petitions some of her friends among the faculty that she needs to keep cakes in her room to mince on during study hour. She is in constant hot water for fear "Pa Jones" will forget his company manners and make some breach of etiquette while out in society. She is crush proof, as she considers it far beneath her dignity to petition in such foolishness. Which fact some of her dear friends grieve over. On the other hand, she has mounted to the highest peak of Alaska, and there buried her heart (happy may he be). She has commanded the respect of the most sober-minded members of the faculty, and has gained their best wishes by her close observance and tactfulness.

And now with such characteristics could you imagine her to be a slender maiden, with tender manner and a gentle voice, blue eyes, and curly golden hair blowing in the breezes (?) Such is Pearl, whose memory will always be dear to those who knew her.

A happy combination of a "shark" and a lady of leisure, given to timidity and much sleep, studies her lessons during the two and a half minutes between classes, and generally knows them. She has not, as far as we know, been subject either to crushes or to the bang fever.





MAY BURNS Tennessee



May is bright and she is witty,
 She is smart, but she's not pretty.
 Handsome is as handsome does,
 As the old-time maxim says.
 So we say that May is handsome,
 And that's pretty — in a way.
 Although she hails from Tennessee,
 She's just as gay as she can be.
 She's always welcome wh'er she goes,
 For she's rich in friends, but poor in foes.
 She ranks high in deportment,
 And she's on Miss Webb's floor,
 Now who for themselves can dare to say more?
 We're glad she is a Senior,
 For now her work is o'er.
 But in the future years to come
 They'll miss her more and more.

ROBERTA LEE DUBLIN Texas

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Dixie Club; Bible Study Leader.

"Bobbie," a Lone Star State cowgirl, who shows a strong preference for bareback riding. Is noted for breaking absolutely every rule in school. A fluent Spanish scholar, who says, "For favor please pass to me myself the cream," and when upon asking why her grade was not raised, received the reply that it will be next quarter. A very motherly nature, who sympathizes with all the analytic, home, lovesick girls. A frequent visitor at Skalowski's and Luigart's, she says for something to eat; but if you sat at her table you would not believe it. Shows a wise choice in the selection of roommates, and lives forever after, like happy couples should. An all around, jolly person, and a most excellent friend.





ELLEN HAIL Alabama

ANNE MOSELY Texas

S. C. S. R. R.; Secretary of Senior Class; Treasurer Self-Regulating Roll; Treasurer Alabama Club; Assistant Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.

Ellen the fair, Ellen the blue-eyed maid of Belmont, has changed her name to Ellen the fair, Ellen the *pink-eyed* maid of Belmont. Her chief diet is composed of oranges and salt, while her favorite pastime is writing notes to her many victims of the "crush fever." She continually quotes from Emerson's Essays on Love, but let us not think of Ellen devoting her time to the reading of these instead of getting her lessons. A more quiet and obedient girl is not found on third floor Fidelity, scorns the proposals of disturbing another girl's room while the occupant is away. Authority on the pronunciation of botanical names, while in logic her sad and silent countenance excuses her from class. In analytics class she never has sufficient time to prepare her lesson and in 10th century literature her memory fails her (?). 'Tis in Caesar that she displays her knowledge—also in spherical trigonometry in drawing such small and exact pictures on the board.

But possessing these many accomplishments and failings, her many, many friends at Belmont will never forget her true Christian character, with a happy disposition and known by the name of "Splits."

Anne is another renowned member of the Bangs Club. We mention this fact as this is the most popular bunch in school this year. She is studious, of course; no one doubts it, but there are some few things we cannot quite understand, possibly because of her numerous friendships with the teachers on second and third floor, Founders. She is more than popular, being a Senior and rooming on Miss Webb's floor. Can more be said?





ANNIS HELEN JONES Texas

FLORENCE M. LEE, Σ I X West Virginia



Y. W. C. A.; President W. C. T. U.; President Cottillon Club; President Dixie Club; "Go-to" Basket-ball Team; Tennis Club; Assistant Business Manager Annual Staff; Nomination Committee of Annual; Treasurer Horseback Club, '09-'10.

Miss Jones, our star pupil in geology, likes to have company in her interest in class, and often gets it by nudging her neighbors and requiring them to "Say yes'm, density." Although she sometimes fails to *see the why*, we hope that by careful observation of phenomena through life, that by the time she is eighty she will have enough knowledge in this branch to remember that she studied the subject.

Miss Jones has been a great addition to her Alma Mater, in that she has helped institute several reforms, chief among them the W. C. T. U. (Women Continually Troubling Us) to keep her erring sisters from imbibing too much ice tea on Sunday nights, as she feels that though this may not be intoxicating, owing to its unexpectedness, too much would be very intemperate. We would not have done Annis justice without mentioning her brilliant recitations in psychology, and we are confident that the "old folks at home" will be astounded at the extent of her knowledge in this subject.

Secretary of First Senior Class, '09-'10; Nun's Club; A Δ A, '09-'10; President Y. W. C. A., '10-'11.

The President of our Y. W. C. A. hails from the West Virginia hills. She is gifted in more ways than one, and is especially improved since her stay in Belmont by her constant association with a certain member of the faculty, and conversation concerning the good of the Y. W. C. A. She stands admirably for her seven-tenth part of the Senior Class, and is unusually popular with her classmates. With a lapse of only very short intervals she ran for every office in the class, and in the end came out "Just a Senior."

She is dishonest, easily influenced, and goes in a "boisterous" bunch. This is how she came to be Ex-Editor-in-Chief of the Annual. There is system in her correspondence—one a day—and she feels duty bound to love everybody. An anxious inquiry from everyone that has seen West Virginia on the map is, "Do you know that good-looking man down there that dances so well?" But the Chinese puzzle for us all is how is she to enter upon the matrimonial stage with bangs?





LOUISE S. PARKES Tennessee

President of Day Pupils' Club, '09-'10; Associate Editor "Milady in Brown," '10-'11; Literary Committee Annual, '09-'10.

Louise is the silent member of the class, nevertheless she generally asserts her opinion by the perpetual up and down movement of her head. Her motto is, "Never disagree with a teacher, most especially the science teacher." The height of her ambition is to be a renowned dog trainer, and we believe she will make a good one. "To be or not to be, aye, there's the rub"—whether 'tis nobler to be a noted dog trainer or to run the risk of being a poor authoress. Did anyone say cruel? She, poor girl, has had sad experiences in her "fair youth," and at the very mention of the word she shames the red, red rose. At present she is chief adviser in the law and course of crushes, and specialist for the crush disease. It is evident that one of her patients, Miss I. M. H., requires quite a bit of attention from the length and frequency of the consultations held between them. Not only does she make several calls a day, but it has been noticed that she makes several calls, or perhaps visits would come nearer expressing it, over the phone after school. But it is said, "No one is perfect," so we must forgive Louise this weakness. In spite of the fore-named failing, she is much loved by all her schoolmates, as well as a general favorite of the faculty.

MILDRED UTTERRACH Kentucky

Yes, it's Miss Utterbach, the star of the geology class. Talks continually—never gives another person a chance. Authority on all mathematical questions, from Freshman to Senior work. Besides her art of talking she is gifted with the art of singing—and let me add piano, too. Her main ambition is to become a great vocalist, and we are able to see a very good beginning from her appearance in the Student Recitals. Has a horror of the opposite sex—cannot bear to mention their names. Very despondent at times because of becoming so slender (?) but lives in hopes of gaining when she returns to her beautiful country home in Kentucky.

Besides these rare accomplishments, there remains to be told that a more sincere, earnest and lovable girl cannot be found in the Senior Class. Nothing but the best of wishes and expectations go with her from her girl friends in Belmont of 1911.





MARTHA TROGDEN Illinois

S. C. S. R. R.; Y. W. C. A.; Dixie Club.

No one who ever saw Martha trip across the hall would ever guess that she was a Senior. She has two aspirations—one to play the chapel organ all the time, the other to excel in Expression. Miss Blalock says Martha indulges in the "cultivation of the senses"—this is probably due to her fondness for analytics. She is pre-eminent as the tallest of the tall—the greatest rival of Sarah Frances when it comes to "lofty" achievements. It is commonly believed that she has a particular aversion for broad-shouldered men—and farming—but this is decidedly a mistake!



FANNIE LOU BRAGG Alabama

Y. W. C. A.; Dixie Club; S. C. S. R. R.

Fannie Lou has a very meek and innocent expression, and seemingly studious habits, but alas! it is all a great mistake! She has planned various and sundry tortures for the initiation of unfortunate Sub-Seniors, she is cold and unsympathetic to poor little Sophomores who are afflicted with "crushes," and it has been rumored that most of the noise made at the Senior table is caused by this meek-looking person. She never studies if she can help it, but she has gained her reputation for studiousness by always carrying three or four books under her arm. Her roommate says she sleeps with the books, and it may be that she is trying to absorb their contents by physical contact. Her highest ambition is to raise chickens and roses, and we expect to see her diploma tacked on the front of the hen-house, or placed on a pedestal in her garden. Fannie Lou's chief fault is her everlasting good nature, even when she has a twenty-five page geology lesson, or a review in psychology, but there are hopes of her conquering that fault before the year is over.





FAY WOOLBRIDGE Texas

Y. W. C. A.; S. R. S. C. R.; Dixie Club.

The Lone Star State has ever been an ardent patron of Belmont, and in sending her daughter, Fay, she feels that she has "capped the climax" of a long and brilliant record. In her native State this young lady has won fame riding bronchos in Buffalo Bill's side shows, and she often uses her accomplishment in this line in rounding up cattle on her father's ranch. She is (or has) a shining light in all her classes (on her finger), and when a certain letter does not come out of the West with train-like regularity, she wends her way infirmaryward and comes down pale and worn-looking, and languidly inquires of her neighbor if she has heard from Joe lately, and if there was any news that she might be interested in.





QUOTH THE SENIOR, "NEVERMORE"

NEVER MIND IT!

If you love a girl in school,
You're called "crushes," as a rule,
But don't let it make you cool.
Never mind it!

If you're feeling quite forlorn,
And you wish you'd ne'er been born,
Wear a cheerful smile; don't mourn.
Never mind it!

If you have a low-neck dress,
'Most three inches, you confess,
Don't growl, just wear one that's less.
Never mind it!

Though at morn you'd like to sleep,
And a rule don't want to keep,
Out of bed just give a leap.
Never mind it!

If to walk you much dislike,
'Specially just out on the pike,
Brace up, be a man and hike!

Never mind it!

—W. T. A.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

From Belmont's halls so stately,
Have many classes gone,
The sheltering magnolia's leaving
For triumphs further on.

And other new girls coming,
Will each one have their turn,
While visions of diplomas
Make their hearts with ambition burn.

Above all other colors,
The blue and bronze wave high,
But beneath those flaunting colors
The yellow and white float nigh.

The class that's been up and doing,
The class that's made things go,
The class of highest standing,
The class that won, we know.

And in the years that follow,
Still greater conquest they'll make;
Thrice loyal to old Belmont,
For their own and our sake.

—L. C. W.



JEANE SHANNON BOYD Pennsylvania

Special Diploma in English

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Northern Club.

Happy, and wears a beaming countenance. She lives on third floor Fidelity and, as all her playmates on that floor, has a good reputation for making unexpected calls.

Jean loves Middle Ages, and is especially well prepared on "The Position of the Laity." She has many occupations, but her favorite pastime is entertaining her "cousins," who come from Pennsylvania.

ANNIE MCKEAN Arkansas

Special Diploma in Expression

Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer Expression Class; Dixie Club.

Annie won her fame last year by her star acting of the role of caterpillar in Miss Townsend's play. She became quite notable then; and this year has been kept in public notice by the new regulations which she has tried to introduce into Belmont traditions, being satisfied that the list was not long enough. The principal one of these is that a regular dance hour on Sunday might be established, followed immediately by a card game and a feast. She knows this would not be popular with the girls, but as a tradition they would in honor obey it. We are sorry that she takes this way of making herself popular with Dr. Landrith and the teachers. Annie is a most ardent student of astronomy, and finds trouble in deciding which she admires most, the sun or the moon. She finds that on rainy days neither of these *heavenly bodies* appears.



RUTH BADGLEY, T Φ Σ; Σ Φ Θ Pennsylvania

Special Diploma in English

Leader of Bible Circle; Secretary of German Club;
Imp Club; Northern Club.

Here's to our little Easterner.

The girl with her Yankee twang;
She wears the "smile that won't come off"
And never deigns to use slang.

R is for Ruth, every ore's server;

Three cheers for U. of Penn. and the Dunkirk Observer.

FLORENCE HOLLENSWORTH, Σ I X; Σ Φ Θ Oklahoma

Special Diploma in English

President Riding Club, '09-'10; Nun's Club, '09-'10; Secretary of Riding Club, '10-'11; Pan-Hellenic; Imp's Club; Chief Barber Bangs' Club; Cotillion Club.

You know her; she is "Chief Barbar" of the Bangs Club. She is also the girl who is so hard of hearing that even the rising bell fails to awaken her, and finally when she does gain the chapel it is with a surprised air that she gazes around and sees the monitors just returning to their seats. Late again and five off! You would naturally think from her usual disposition that her favorite song is "Home, Sweet Home." Not so. At the end of each quarter her tune changes, and instead of the old standby it is, "Oh, where, oh where, has my deportment marks gone?" She would no doubt find out should she go both to Miss McElroy and Miss Wendel.

Her motto is, "What's the use to worry, you are bound to come out on top." And we firmly believe this.



ANNA DEAL BRAMWELL Tennessee

Special Diploma in English

S. C. S. R. R., Y. W. C. A.

Her large brown eyes have won her many admirers, and since she has been a "day student" she really is bored with callers. Every morning about five minutes after the bell Deal can be seen tugging up the hill, her hat on one ear and her hair on the other, her scarcity of breath very noticeable. A good and capable worker—at least the faculty thinks so. Her favorite expression is: "I haven't even read it over." Her faults are numerous, but in spite of them all, Anna Deal is a welcome addition to the class.

ELIZABETH MCCLURE Tennessee

Special Diploma in English

Day Pupil-Editor of Annual; Dixie Club.

Elizabeth McClure, the most exuberant spirit among the day students, is well known by her famous saying, "Oh, I am so busy I don't know what to do!" Her responsibilities, as viewed from her own standpoint, would cause the busiest merchant who ever sold cranberries at Thanksgiving time to blush with shame that he ever claimed to be busy. Elizabeth won fame last year in her short but brilliant career as "Humpty Dumpty" who sat on the wall, and his famous unstable equilibrium was so successfully imitated by Elizabeth as to bring tears to the eyes of all who witnessed the destructive downfall which even all the king's horses and all the king's men could not make amends for!



MARY ALICE WHITSON Tennessee

Special Diploma in Music

"Whit" was wise, as wise as she could be;
 Trouble never seemed to come her way;
 For she had a little way, you see,
 Starting her work at break of day.

Once or twice a scrape she got into,
 Thought she wouldn't live to see the end;
 Then with Belmont she'd declare she was through,
 But here she is, her Alma Mater readiest to defend.

CLEO M. CARPENTER Missouri

Special Diplomas in English and Expression

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; President Special Diploma Class, '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief of "Blue and Bronze," '10-'11; Secretary S. C. S. R. R., '10-'11; President Clara Schumann Club, '10-'11; Chairman of Missionary Committee, Y. W. C. A.; Oklahoma Club; Western-er's Club.

We all feel sorry for poor Cleo, because she cannot gain popularity among her classmates; but she has improved somewhat this year, being only Secretary of the self-regulating roll, Secretary of Sunday school, Editor of the Blue and Bronze, President of the Special Diploma Class, President of the Clara Schumann Club, Leader of a walking party, but the most important office she holds is being President of Woman's Suffrage Club. Members, 1. She has always been known as Cleo, the Man Hater, but this is all pretense on her part, for she, like others, has a hobby—Brown. She is especially fond of it, and when tripping down the corridors her classmates are heard to say, "Yonder goes the Ray of Brown."



LILLIE DALTON Arkansas

Special Diploma in English

Dixie Club, Leader of Bible Circle; Y. W. C. A.

Lillie's one continual complain was that of being so thin, and to get fat she would drink buttermilk, morning, noon, and night. She had heard the saying, "Laugh and grow fat," so she would come to the table and crack all kinds of jokes and laugh at them herself. But this did not destroy her beauty nor lessen the love of her many friends.

KATHRYN FRAZIER Tennessee

Special Diploma in English

This blue-eyed maiden hails from the mountains of East Tennessee. Since her sojourn in Belmont she has become quite civilized. After she acquires her sheepskin in the merry month of May she expects to return home and startle the natives by applying for a position to teach the mountain lasses there. Some day we think she will be a great missionary, for she has their cheerful smile (better watch out, Katharine, it is said, "Laugh and grow fat") and from her pleased expression we know that she is optimistic, and always looks on the bright side of life, even in her varied experiences as a college girl.



MARY LOUISE DIAL Ohio

Special Diploma in English

S. C. S. R. R.; Y. W. C. A.

A stately, brown-eyed maid, who hails from the North. Louise was never known to receive love letters. She has all the faculty fooled. Mary Louise will stand watching. Her great specialty is solid geometry. She spends all her spare time reading the old classics, such as "The Iliad." French seems to be her "bugbear." Teaches the dip dance to graceful applicants. Dislikes very much to go to the city, as it takes her mind off her studies. Nevertheless, she is a splendid girl, and one whom we love better the more we know her.

ELSIE HENDERSON Tennessee

Special Diploma in Philosophy

S. C. S. R. R.; Y. W. C. A.; Devotional Committee.
Y. W. C. A.; Dixie Club; Tennessee Club.

Elsie Joe Henderson, active Belmont suffragette—makes a specialty of politicians who frequent Nashville. Her enthusiasm and unselfish labor in the cause was made public in a speech on the Belmont platform. Yell leader of Temperance Union at the inaugural services, though she says politics has no attraction for her—just politicians. Member of the S. R. S. C. Roll who attracts more attention on the street corners than the Salvation Army. Faculty complains of her noisy conduct in the dining room, chapel, corridors, and in general. Took special training to appear before the public in comic opera prior to becoming a suffragette. So delicate she was forced to take two sets of Xmas holidays—one before and one after. Above all the "belle" of Recreation Hall (Mission Study) on Saturday nights.



REVA HENRY Illinois

French Certificate

Treasurer Annual, '10-'11; Secretary of French Club;
Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.

"Bless Pat" or "Sweetie," in other words, Reva, has a wonderful ambition to help, and is imposed upon by all, upon whom she bestows her sweet smiles. Since her debate, she stands a firm suffragette, and her highest ambition is to become a leader. She is one of the few who are desirous of taking all that is taught at Belmont. In later years, we fear we will find Reva a little round stone, for how often has she warned us, "My dear, I am just petrified."

CATHERINE DOTY Mississippi

Special Diploma in English

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Dixie Club.

Here's to our worthy Catherine,
Who, with many a tear and a sigh,
Wishes herself much smaller,
To escape the faculty's eye.

She worries over her lessons
Till she's pale as pale can be,
And there's one frat which she more than hates
And that the S A E (?).



MILDRED SIDEBOTTOM Tennessee

Special Diploma in English

After a year of "Kar-Katching," Mildred decided life was too tame for her, so she became a "roll call catcher," so as to be right here in the college in case anything exciting (?) should happen. She has proven herself an unusual girl in many respects, but chiefly in this: Although her home is just down the avenue, she has never once asked to be allowed to spend the day or week-end with her fond mater and pater. We do not know whether this is due entirely to her affection for Belmont and her studies, or her non-affection for friends and relatives. At any rate, she has shown herself to be a model student in so many other ways that we can overlook this small peculiarity.

MILLCENT ELSTON Virginia

Special Diploma in Art

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; W. C. T. U.; Art Medalist, '09-'10; Asheville Delegate, '09-'10; President India Mission Class, '09-'11; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '10-'11; Chairman Poster Committee, '10-'11; Art Editor, "Milady in Brown," '10-'11; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference in Nashville, '11; Dixie Club; Illustration Club; Fencing Club; Art Club.

We often wonder how Millicent, with her unlimited capacity for breaking Belmont rules and for disregarding Belmont traditions, has come to be popularly known as the "Belmont angel." Perhaps her cherubic smile has won her the title. But in spite of her unruly conduct and her abrupt manners, which continually shock her fellow-students and keep her constantly under the watchful eye of the faculty—in spite of all this, we love her still, and find ourselves wondering who will ever take her place as mainstay of "Milady in Brown's" illustrators, who will originate the Y. W. C. A. posters, and, above all, who can be found worthy to carry off the art medals when Millicent has left us to fulfill her dreams of study in Italy.



HAZEL E. WILSON, B Σ O Arkansas

Special Diploma in Expression

Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Expression Class, '09-'10; Treasurer Special Diploma Class, '10-'11; Dixie Club.

Will wonders never cease—in Arkansas? A remarkable discovery has been made, far surpassing in brilliancy and worth even the diamond mines of this fair and lucky state, in the person of Hazel E. Wilson, accomplished reader, orator (for Miss Townsend at recitals), and Shakespearian scholar. Miss Wilson came to Belmont two years ago, and as the place in every way stood for her high ideals, chose it for her Alma Mater. She is a young lady of attractive personality, and might in popular slang be called a "heart smasher," as she is at the present time exceedingly absorbed in her 'steenth crush. But the question has been raised whether she herself does not suffer from heart "Burns," as special delivery letters and photographs from the city often find their way to form No. 1, and by her expression, both of face and vocabulary, interested spectators judge that her emotions are at any rate ecstatic.

PEARL HAFNER, B Σ O; Σ Φ O Missouri

Special Diploma in English

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; President of S. C. S. R. R.; Chairman Social Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Associate Editor of "Blue and Bronze."

Here's to our Mellin's food baby,
Here's to our Worthy Pearl;
Although she's self-controlling,
She's the greatest girl in the world.

In every one of her classes
She proves a shining light;
To see her astride of the wild horse she rides
Is an all-absorbing sight.

But the faculty is crazy about her,
Her dignity is more than enough;
But between you and me, and the girls, don't you see,
Her dignity is only a bluff.



CHARLOTTE MOULDER LOVE, Σ I X Mississippi

Special Diploma in English

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Member Cotillion Club; Riding Club; Secretary Junior Class, '08-'09; Treasurer Dixie Club, '09-'10; Member Dixie Club, '11.

Charlotte is one of those (love)ly people who take teasing wonderingly—except when it is about frat pins. Ask her how many frat pins she thinks a perfectly loyal girl may wear in a short life time.

She is one of the old Southern bricks of Belmont College, and we fear her little place can never be completely filled.

IDA MARY HOOD Iowa

Special Diploma in Expression

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Treasurer College Prep. Class, '05-'07, '07-'08, '08-'09; Vice President College Prep. Class, '09-'10; Treasurer W. C. T. U., '10-'11; President Athletic Association, '09-'10, '10-'11; College Editor "Blue and Bronze," '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief of *Milady in Brown*, '10-'11; Representative of Clara Schumann Club, '10-'11; Northern Club; Vice President Special Diploma Class, '10-'11; Literary Committee, '09-'10.

Ida is like a bolt of lightning—you never know when she is going to flash out and where she is going to strike. She is very impulsive, and if the notion strikes her to grab you by the hair and shake you, she will do it, but she will apologize beautifully for it—afterwards. Her "r's" are not quite as much in evidence as when she first "came out of the West," but she still persists in calling herself "Ider," with an elaborate curl to the added "r." Her remarks are usually emphatic, and she does not hesitate to speak her mind even in chemistry class. Ida is in for everything—athletics, society, lessons, crushes, offices, fusses, and any kind of excitement that happens to turn up.



EUDORA MAJOR New Mexico

Special Diplomas in Music and College Preparatory

S. C. S. R. R.; Y. W. C. A.; President College Preparatory Class, '10; Chairman Intercollegiate Committee, '10-'11; President Mrs. Berry's Class, '09-'10; Vice President S. C. S. R. R., '09-'10; President College Preparatory Class, '09-'10; Associate Editor "Mildred in Brown," Chairman Intercollegiate Committee, '09-'10; Vice President Cercle Français, '09-'10; President Western Club, '09-'10; Representative Mrs. Berry's Class, '07-'08; President Mrs. Berry's Class, '08-'09.

Sometimes into the world there comes a great something that looms up seemingly from nowhere, scatters everything before it into order and vanishes on some prescribed path. So might be considered the history of Eudora at Belmont, or even her passing down one of the corridors. Of course she's *partially* human and has a *few* besetting sins, such as having the sweetest temper on earth. She never has been known to "string" a girl, and when she hears the expression she invariably opens her eyes wide and asks, "What does 'to string' mean?" She spends most of her time evading the teachers, who insist that she must have at least the minimum hours of work. She never expresses an opinion on any subject—far be it from one so modest and retiring, nor does she ever study a second. Her motto, which perhaps explains her positions, is, "Boss, boss, and you'll be elected boss."

FLORENCE LEE, Σ I X Virginia

Special Diploma in Domestic Science

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Secretary First Senior Class, '09-'10; Nun's Club; A Δ A; President Y. W. C. A., '10-'11.

Our Florence, with her saintly face,
Her winning ways, and charming grace.
Her smiles, like blessings from above,
To seize our hearts, to win our love.



ALPHA SLEGE, Φ M Oklahoma

Special Diploma in Philosophy

S. C. S. R. R.; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary of Oklahoma Club;
President Western Club, Vice President Clara Schumann Club; Devotional Committee, Y. W. C. A.

This maiden from Oklahoma, though never known to study, has with such success bluffed the teachers these past two years that she now imagines herself the happy possessor of a Philosophy Diplo. Despite the diligent watch of Miss Webb, after much striving, she gained the S. C. S. R. R. She is a wearer of the "smile that won't come off," and through her sweet disposition has won the love of all who know her.

HELEN MARX Louisiana

Special Diploma in English

Clara Schumann Club; Dixie Club; Member of Athletic Association.

Gives special care to the observance of Sunday's visiting law. A great home body, dislikes visits to the city, especially averse to week-end visits. Special effort is made by the music faculty to restrain her from public appearances. Greatest ambition to be a harmony teacher in some university out west for—Indians. We understand. If her dreams of the golden west are shattered she hopes to resume her study of domestic science in her native burg—why so? Professional swimmer. Lessons cheap. Apply immediately. Particular attention to the law of "floating bodies."

Record breaker for promptness and attendance to chapel roll calls. Perfect conduct. Leader and chief member of rostrum association. Very lithe and graceful in all artistic affairs, especially the Madame Sherry dance.



GAYNELLE ROBINSON Tennessee

Special Diploma in English

Gaynelle is the slow member of the special diploma class. She was never known to be on time to chapel or to Middle Ages, but she comes in with a broad, innocent smile on her face, and remarks, "I know I'm late; but I just couldn't help it." She is a bright and shining light (?) in psychology and an inspiration to her teacher and her classmates.

LUCILE HARTZELL Texas

Special Diploma in English

No one will ever forget how charming Lucile looked as bridesmaid at the Boatner-Jones wedding, nor how her cheery smile scared away other folks' homesick spells that notable two weeks.



HARRIET RUDERSDORF Texas

Special Diploma in English

Harriet is another representative from our beloved Star State, Texas. We can't *always* furnish beauty, but we do our part in producing brains. Please don't fail to see the humor of this statement, or else we will have to serve feathers with it. She only decided at the last minute to honor the special diploma class by being a member, so her write-up is necessarily abbreviated, and all her merits cannot be done justice. However, we assure you that she has plenty of them, and in her circle no girl is more popular.

MARY HARRISON RUCKER Tennessee

Special Diploma in Expression

Secretary of Special Diploma Class, '10-'11; Y. W.
C. A. S. C. S. R. R.; President of Expression Class.
'10-'11.

Mary Rucker, during her long period as a Belmont maiden, has endeared herself to the hearts of all the faculty, and has become famous in three distinct phases. The first of these is her promising outlook in gymnasium where, except for an occasional (?) sprain, she excels all other heavyweight competitors for championship, and her friends feel that Mary's star of destiny points unwaveringly to ballet-dancing as her career; but Mary is confident that her especial talent lies in the direction of Expression; and frequently we see a dreamy look steal into her brown eyes and we know she is thinking of the days when she will have finished in Boston and spellbound audiences and flowery tributes to her art will be as the sands of the sea. But considering the third phase of her renown, Mary is strangely noncommittal. This makes us a bit hesitant in telling about her mysterious collection of frat pins, which adorn the front of her blouse and make the unpopular Freshman green with envy.



ELISE EPPERSON Tennessee

Special Diploma in Music

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; President of the Junior Class, '08-'09; Chairman of Music Committee of Y. W. C. A.; '10-'11; Bible Study Leader, '09-'10; Missionary Collector, '09-'10-'11; Missionary Committee of Y. W. C. A., '09-'10; Humor Committee of the Annual, '09-'10; Referee Committee of S. C. S. R. R., '09-'10; Delegate to Nashville Convention, '10-'11; Orchestra Chorus, Glee Club, '09-'10; Dixie Club, '09-'10-'11; Vice President of Ensemble Club, '09-'10; President of Hesselberg Class, '09-'10-'11.

Oh, she is fair, this special "dip,"
And seeks to be more fairer yet;
But Billy says, "She's fair enough!"
And Billy knows, and that's no bluff.

Its Algood there where Elise lives,
In Tennessee among the hills,
And there she goes from nervous strain,
While Hesselberg and Puss remain.

She fusses at her friends till late
And then she "romps on" poor roommate!
She drives poor Hesselberg half mad
With lessons "dott iss awful bad!"

MARCIA E. PARAMORE, T Φ Σ; Σ Φ Θ Indiana

Special Diploma in Domestic Science

Y. W. C. A.; Pan-Hellenic Council; Intercollegiate Committee; Vice President Miss Webb's Music Class; Sergeant-at-Arms Special Diploma Class, Northern Club.

Here's to Marcia, from Indiana,
Who plays so skillfully on the piano;
Her one ambition is stout to be,
But as yet there're no symptoms, as you'll agree;
For crushes she has won great fame,
Especially for the one on Jane.



CAROLYN CORTNER Alabama

GRACE H. FRAIN Colorado

To speak their praises any would
To tell their faults; 't seems no one could.

SUB-SENIOR CLASS

MOTTO
"Cresco, credo, cresco"

COLORS
 Green and White

FLOWER
 White Sweet Pea

Officers

PAULINE ATTERBURY	President
LAURA DAVIS	Vice President
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Cabell Alexander	Vivian Holt	Nita Noble
Juliet Alexander	Mary D. Houston	Wilma Polk
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Hattie Cusenbary	Elizabeth McQuiddy	Gladys Wheatley
Ethel Dowling	Irene Molder	Susie Whitehead
Mary Hays	Ione Montgomery	Mamie Pearl Wilson



COLLEGE PREPARATORY CLASS

Founded in 1905

MOTTO

"*Nil desperandum*"

COLORS

Wine and Silver Blue

FLOWER

Violet

Officers

EUDORA MAJOR	President
LORENE CREBS	Vice President
MADELINE SWAIN	Secretary
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Sponsors

MISS MAXWELL

MISS GOLAY (on leave of absence)



JUNIOR CLASS

COLORS
Lavender and Gold

MOTTO
"Work wins"

FLOWER
Lilac

Officers

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Miriam Fawkes	Dorothy Robbins
Mary Goodson	Grace Ruble
Stella Hayes	Edith Scaling
Marybell Hill	Jennie Williams
Mattie Lou Huffman	Louise Walls
Alice Jones	Eloise Wilkes
Zetta E. Jones	Ruby May Warnock



SOPHOMORE CLASS

MOTTO
"Nevertheless"

COLORS
Gold and Blue

FLOWER
White Rose Bud

Officers

MARY G. STREET, President Kentucky
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ELOISE KNOX, Secretary and Treasurer Georgia

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Bobby Briley Tennessee	Susie Porter Tennessee
Lucile Cullom Texas	Lara Pitts Tennessee
Hazel Davis Arkansas	Catherine Berry Pilcher Tennessee
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Eula May Gillaspie Texas	Ruth Parks Tennessee
Mary Taylor Gwathney Tennessee	Margaret Rickman Tennessee
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Helen Hanley Illinois	Susie Spell Texas
Ruby Jackson Florida	Thenia Spell Texas
Carrie Moore Kernachan Alabama	Agnes Smith Georgia
Mary Steele Tennessee	
Agnes Tims Mississippi	
Florence Utterbach Tennessee	
Corinne White Tennessee	
Marion Wyckoff Pennsylvania	
Mary Sue Wallace Missouri	
Anita Williams Tennessee	
Sarah Frances White Georgia	
Mary Elsie Young Kentucky	
Beauford Tweedy Alabama	
Lucile Short Mississippi	
Ione Brown Mississippi	

FRESHMAN CLASS

COLORS
Violet and Lavender

FLOWER
Violet

Officers

GLADYS BINFORD	President
THELMA BUCHANAN	Vice President
LILLIAN KLINE	Treasurer
MARIE GRESHAM	Secretary

Members

Bailey Carr	Lucille Chabot
Ada Carrington	Elizabeth Drake
Bernice Evans	Marie Gresham
Aileen Haley	Mary Houston
Katherine Harris	Minnah Hartman
Larissa Kitthell	Pauline Kramer
Lillian Kline	Hellen Kelley
Florence Kahn	Beatrice Manly
Marie Pitts	Miriam Reddock
Nona Reid	Donna Blair Rosebrough
Luise Sieber	Roberta Spencer
Kathleen Woodard	Mary Williams
Mable Wilkinson	Alice Wilson
Bernyce Young	

IRREGULAR CLASS

Officers

MABLE ROBERTA BROWN	President
ELEANOR MEANS	Vice President
KATHERINE LINDSAY	Secretary
ANNIS McDONNELL	Treasurer

Members

Elma Haller	Laura B. Douglas	Pauline Gee	Bessie Kirk
Ruby May Waraock	Lucille Cnliom	Margaret Fuller	Clara J. Fields
Gladys Woodson	Mable Roberta Brown	Mary Frazer	Louise Evans
Towerella Jones	Beckwith Baird	Ruth Floyd	Penelope Winford
Helen Withers	Mildred D. Babbage	Edna Forke	Isabel Dean
Lenore Wyckoff	Eddie May Boatner	Mary Freeman	Eleanor Means
Juliet Wolcott	Grace Blaydes	Esther Decker	Mattie Mann
Susie Whitehead	Marguerite Bonds	Annie Perry Dodd	Margaret Whittington
Frances Williamson	Phoebe Burgess	Reta Jeanne Harris	Annie Laura Baird
Theresa Lowenstein	Hannah Marie Woodman	Mary Goodloe	Louise Blackstone
Margaret R. Miller	Helen Albright	Lizette Hutchinson	M. Jeannette Bartlett
Marie Miller	Mary Wood Frances	Anne Ryan	Jean Brown
Nellie Miller	Winifred Angell	Marie A. Hewitt	Jane Brown
Romayne Miller	Ethel Stephen	Nellie Hay	Marguerite Smith
Irene Sharp	Annis McDonnell	Jewell Hervey	Margaret Snyder
Ada Steinemeyer	Annie Laurie Powell	Maud Hovenkamp	Florence Robinson
Genendal Schnabaum	Marshall Cook	Ruth Browder	Evelyn Pettus
Evelyn Shafer	Juanita O'Kelley	Brita Best	Lilly J. Walling
Grace McGlathery	Helen Marie Walker	Virginia Newcomb	Belle B. Klaus
Jessie McKown	Klara Wesson	Helen Krell	Della Vogelsong
Ernestine Langfelder	Corinne Walker	Ruth Scott	Bertha Turner
Nettie Meador Kerfoot	Bernice Allen	Elizabeth Saunders	Ludie Team
Grace Kidd	Fay Davis	Lenore V. Hippard	Virginia Craig
Bernice Jaenke	Hattie B. Beasley	Mary K. Jennings	Genevieve Pettus
Aline Gollerge	Ruth Phillips	Ethel Helmsley	Katherine Lindsay
Nina Gordon	Katharine Ruble	Mattie Berrell	Louise Corley
Maudie French	Billie Robinson	Ruth Hervey	Marie Treeman
	Alma Rankin	Ruth Herron	
	Lucile Porter Terry	Margaret Robertson	
	Christie Davis	Louise Neilson	





BELMONT PREPARATORY CLASS

Members

Gladys Jennings

Marion Emily Leftwich

Mary Louise Crawford

Catherine Winstead

Rufus Foster

Ida Hoover

Lois McManus

Jane Douglas Crawford

Elizabeth Hart

Margaret Hobbs

Ruth McEwen





ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT

Florence Bassett
 Alice Burbank
 Dorothy Burbank
 Virginia Carmichael
 Edith Chabot
 Edgar Jones
 Margaret Harrison
 Lemar Hesselberg
 Melvyn Hesselberg
 Martha Hicks
 Elizabeth Hill
 Elizabeth House
 Thelma Kiningham
 Walter Latsch
 Della Martin
 Anna K. McGill
 La Una New
 Martha Parman
 Marie Pettus
 Van Meter Proctor
 Mary Rawlings
 Frances Robinson
 Thomas Robinson
 Adrienne Stokes
 Helen Wallace

THE FRATERNITY BABY



THE trespasser sat in the most comfortable chair, propped on all sides by their own downy pillows. Two very small feet projected from beneath an immaculate white dress, and two chubby hands pulled at one little blue shoe. Johnson muttered something under his breath. The baby started and lifted a pair of innocent, reproving eyes. Johnson coughed. "I beg your pardon," he said, with an elaborate bow—then blushed. The baby continued to survey him in the same questioning way, and slowly a smile broke over the little round

face. The man smiled too, and cautiously extended one big finger and touched the little soft hand. Five tiny, rosy fingers closed tightly over the one big brown one, and a friendship was begun.

Philip Johnson, of the University of ———, captain of the 'varsity football team, member of the ——— fraternity, and a society favorite, was finishing the four years' course in journalism. The college career had done little to change Johnson; he still possessed the same clean, good-looking face and boyish spirits. The four years had slipped quickly away, he had known a host of pretty girls, but the heart of Philip Johnson remained unscarred.

On this evening, early in May, upon returning to the chapter house at eleven o'clock, he found the first floor dark and deserted, save for the light in the smoking room. The front door was unlocked. Philip wondered at this a little, and set the night lock. Then he made his way through the dark hall to the smoking room. A rosy flood of light greeted him as he opened the door. The reading lamp cast its soft shaded light upon the baby in the easy chair.

Pinned to the hem of the child's dress Johnson found a note. He frowned hard over the round handwriting,

while the baby tugged and gurgled at the button on his coat. Then he rushed into the hall and bounded up the stairs and into the room where "the fellows" sat smoking, some of them intent upon their books. He spread the note out on the table. His flushed and excited face caused them all to gather eagerly about the letter. Above the murmur of excitement and voiced curiosity, Johnson's voice read:

"To the L—— Chapter of the ——— Fraternity—

"Trusting in God and your manliness, I am asking you to see that my little son is well cared for. His father died two months before his birth, and I am obliged to go to work.

HIS MOTHER."

No one spoke, no one moved for a full minute. Then Dick Roberts broke the silence: "Where is the son?" he asked.

"Down stairs, in the smoking room, kicking and gurgling as if he were quite at home," answered Phil.

Bob Davis cleared his throat; Bob always cleared his throat before he expressed himself on a matter of importance. "Let's have a look at him," he concluded.

Down the stairs and into the room they filed, each stationing himself at what he considered a safe distance. Philip Johnson alone approached the baby, and standing with one hand on the back of the leather chair, turned to face his fraternity brothers. "Something has to be done," he said, in his most matter of fact manner. "Shall we call in the police and have it taken to some orphanage, or—" and he paused, fingering the note nervously. "shall we adopt it?"

Billy Lawson made his way from his stand at the doorway to Phil's side. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and smiled down at the baby. "Hello, son," he said cheerfully.

The baby gurgled back at him, and seemed to know that Billy was used to addressing chubby infants, and that he was the admired "big brother" of several rolly polly Lawsons.

"Let's keep him." Billy added with enthusiasm: "make a decent sort of man of him, you know, and then there's the note, and the dead father."

Billy's suggestion was not greeted very favorably, for everyone began presenting objections and impossibilities. At last Richard Morriston became master of the situation, and silence again prevailed as he said: "It's all right to talk of the youngster and his parents, but I think the idea of adopting him absurd. What would we do with him? Imagine us taking turns of prancing the floor with him at nights. Babies are all right in their place, but a frat house isn't exactly their place. Now I say call in the police, have him put in some home. We'll keep track of him, and see that he gets along all right, and has the right kind of care. Now what do the rest of you fellows think?"

A few voiced their approval, the rest remained silent, and among them Phil and Billy. Phil's lips tightened into the smile they wore on the gridiron, and he insisted that the little man himself should be consulted, so he asked—principally by gestures—if he would stay or go with "the cop." The baby held out two little hands. Phil lifted him carefully into his arms, he cuddled close to him, and his little soft fingers grasped his collar tightly. Philip Johnson smiled a little apologetically at the faces before him. "He says he is going to stay," Phil said softly.

A week later the baby was legally adopted by the _____ fraternity, christened John Hopper, and became (under the care of an experienced nurse) the most popular member of the chapter house.

The house party at Billy Lawson's summer home was in progress. The weather had been ideal for tennis and boating, and the evenings cool for dancing. Billy's cup of joy was full to the brim and overflowing.

"It's a howling success," he said enthusiastically, as he adjusted his tie and turned to smile at the pretty Mrs. Billy, who had reigned as such for three blissful years. "You see," he added boyishly, "Phil and the baby are all that was needed to complete it. Smartest youngster I ever did see, and did you ever see such devotion?"

It was Saturday morning. Billy was up early and roaming about the deserted house. Philip Johnson and John Hopper, now a vigorous little chap of five, had arrived on a late train the night before. Billy had not seen either of them for two years. At nine o'clock the house began to show signs of life, but Phil did not make an appear-

ance. Then Billy did a very natural thing—sought the consolation of his wife. She was used to Billy, and fell in with his mood.

"He is a handsome little chap, and isn't he like Phil?" she returned as eagerly, and smiled at Billy's broad shoulders as he stood looking down into the garden.

"There's Phil," he cried, leaning out of the window. Mrs. Billy was at his side, and they watched in silence the well built figure of Philip Johnson, pacing the narrow path among the roses.

Down in the dewy freshness of that early summer morning, among the rich beauty and sweetness of that world of red, pink, yellow and white roses, Phil Johnson was thinking of the evening, five years ago, when he had found the baby in the smoking room of the _____ fraternity house. The stand he and Billy had taken met opposition on all sides, but soon after little blue-eyed John Hopper had smiled his way into every heart, and came to be the life of the whole house. Upon leaving college Billy and Phil accepted positions on the same paper, Billy working just for the pleasure it afforded him, but Phil working and pushing upward because it was his chosen work and meant his living. For three years they were together, then Billy was married, and Phil and the baby went east.

"Daddy Phil," the shrill little voice broke in upon his reveries, but he laughed as he tossed away his cigar and turned.

Down the gravel path he came, a flying little figure in white "knickers." Phil opened his arms, and he sprang into them, winding a pair of sturdy brown arms around his neck, and pressing his moist, red lips to Phil's tanned cheek.

"You tried to run away, didn't you, naughty man, but I founded you;" he struggled in Phil's tight embrace, and demanded, "Let me down, Daddy Phil! Now you 'member you said you'd make whistles out of Daddy Billy's trees. Ain't you going to?"

Phil didn't smile, instead he frowned. "John, what do you say to breakfast first, then I'll make big whistles, little whistles, any kind of whistles you want."

John Hopper stamped his little sandaled foot and shook his black, closely-cropped head with determination. "No, I likes whistles best before breakfast," he declared.

Phil sighed and pulled out his knife. "Then it's whis-

ties," he said with equal determination, as he turned down the path and found, as he told Billy afterwards, "a vision in white standing among the roses and looking as if she thought it a huge joke."

"Eh-h—what a pitty lady," shouted John, at the top of his shrill little voice. "Don't she look like an angel lady, Daddy Phil? I likes white ladies with blue eyes," and he darted from Phil's side and stood looking admiringly up into Edith Hallard's face.

"And I likes nice little blue-eyed boys, too," she answered, patting his flushed cheeks; "and I am sure," she added, looking straight at Phil 'Johnson, "that you are a nice little boy."

Phil came forward, offering their apologies, and being rewarded by a flash of white teeth and a flush of her sensitive face. John Hopper and Phil Johnson forgot the whistles and the breakfast. Phil talked of himself and John, while the latter was content to hold tight to Edith Hallard's hand.

All of the Lawsons' guests had made their departure except Lady Langdon, her companion, Edith Hallard, Philip Johnson, and little John Hopper. Their departure was set for the following day. To Phil that June day seemed the shortest of his life. The sun seemed to fairly race across the sky, and slide, without warning, out of sight behind the blue green hills. The six of them had a quiet little dinner in the arbor at the end of the east terrace. John sat quietly through the meal, watching and listening to the light conversation of the others. It was only after "Mrs. Billy" had given the signal to leave that he voiced the feeling that shone in his serious blue eyes.

"Daddy Billy," he said, catching at Billy's hand, "I wish we could stay at your house always. Daddy Phil and I gets awful lonesome. We ain't got no Mrs. Billy, or no pretty white lady. It's jest Daddy and me when he ain't busy—when he is, then it's jest Foxies' dog and me." John's little voice trailed off into a sob, and two big shining tears raced down his cheeks. Billy and Mrs. Billy gathered him into their arms and bore him away, Lady Langdon followed them. Phil watched them out of sight, then his eyes fell on the figure of Edith Hallard. A strange light came over his face, and he started eagerly toward her. The

face so lovely, so fascinating to him was turned half away, her dusky lashes were wet and drooped until they almost rested on her cheeks.

"Are you, too, crying because you are going away?" he asked a little roughly.

She did not raise her eyes as he answered him, and Phil's face softened at her voice. "No, it's not that. I was thinking of another little boy, and wondering if he, too, were lonesome."

"Do you know John's life story?" Phil asked her softly.

"I know you are a good and noble man to care for a little orphan boy," she answered.

Then Philip Johnson told her the story of "The Fraternity Baby," and as his voice died away in the fast falling shadows of night, he thought he heard a little muffled sob. He leaned toward her, trying to see the outline of her face, and then he knew that she was softly crying.

"Oh! you are good, so very, very good, and don't think me wicked. I really loved him—more than you do, or ever can—he is my little baby, my own baby boy. I left him there because I knew some noble man would pity and care for him." She turned her face toward him and continued, "I was married to Ralph Hallard against my parents' wishes. I was only eighteen and Ralph twenty-one. His death came like a bolt from a clear sky. I was left almost destitute, and pride kept me from returning to my father. I became Lady Langdon's companion, and—you know the rest."

"Daddy Phil." They turned toward the sound, and standing in the door of the arbor where the first mellow rays of the rising moon fell upon him, they saw a little barefoot, white-robed figure. Phil lifted him tenderly into his arms and carried him to her—John's mother. She opened her arms and Phil gave him to her.

Outside of the vine-covered arbor the moon climbed high in the sky, bathing the world in its rich mellow light. The gentle summer wind murmured among the leaves, the roses smiled and nodded their dewy heads, while high in her nest among the tree tops, the mother bird twittered to her little ones. John Hopper smiled. "White lady, we're going to take you home with us—Daddy Phil and me is," he murmured, then he fell asleep in his mother's arms.



GOING—



GOING—



GONE!





ororities

SIGMA PHI THETA

Pan Hellenic

RUTH BADGLEY	T Φ Σ	MARGARET SNYDER	T Φ Σ
AGNES SMITH	Φ Μ	BERTHA TURNER	Φ Μ
MARYBELLE HILL	Φ Μ	HELEN KRELL	Θ Κ Δ
NELLIE HAY	Θ Κ Δ	MARCIA PARAMORE	T Φ Σ
LOUISE BLACKSTONE	Θ Κ Δ	VIRGINIA NORTON	B Σ O
MATTIE MANN	B Σ O	PEARL HAFNER	B Σ O
PAULINE ATTERBURY	Σ I X	HELEN MARIE WALKER	Σ I X
FLORENCE HOLLENSWORTH	Σ I X		



TAU PHI SIGMA

(Founded in 1900 at Nashville, Tennessee)

COLORS
Pink and Gray

FLOWER
La France Rose

Active Members 1910-1911

Katherine Bone	Tennessee
Ruth Badgley	New York
Jane Brown	Texas
Isabel Deau	Oklahoma
Grace Frain	Colorado
Eleanor Dee Gordon	Kentucky
Marie Hewitt	Indiana
Florence Jackson	Missouri
Beth Loggins	Tennessee
Louise Neilson	Louisiana
Gertrude Newman	Tennessee
Marcia Paraunore	Indiana
Wilma Polk	Tennessee
Margaret Robertson	Texas
Elizabeth Sullivan	Tennessee
Margaret Snyder	Ohio
Lucy Porter Terry	Kentucky
Ludie Team	Texas

Sorores in Urbe

Edna Kone Lewis	Virginia Waterfield
Bettie B. Baxter Poage	Isabel Crittenden
Loretta Taylor Pilcher	Mary Bang Connell
Mary Avent	



PHI MU

Founded in 1852, at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.,

OPEN MOTTO
"Les soeurs fideles"

COLORS
Old Rose and White

FLOWER
Enchantress Carnation

Chapter Roll

ALPHA—Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga. BETA—Hollins Institute, Hollins, Va.
DELTA—Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
ETA—Hardin College, Mexico, Mo. THETA—Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
Kappa—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn. MU—Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.
LAMBDA—Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.

Alumni Chapters

Atlanta, Georgia New Orleans, Louisiana Chicago, Illinois
Baltimore, Maryland Macon, Georgia

Theta Chapter 1910-1911

Virginia Craig	Indiana	Clare Parks (pledged)	Tennessee
Louise Evans	Arkansas	Ruth Parks	Tennessee
Mary Grinter	Kentucky	Ruth Scott	Illinois
Marybelle Hill	Indiana	Alpha Sledge	Oklahoma
Ethel Heltsey	Kentucky	Agnes Smith	Georgia
Katharine Lindsay	Indiana	Mary Street	Kentucky
Virginia Newcomb	Illinois	Bertha Turner	Nebraska
Lilly James Walling	Tennessee		
Elsie Young	Kentucky		

Sorores in Urbe

Miss Irene Davis Mrs. Edward Cook
Miss Ellen Meeks Mrs. Mills P. O'Connor



BETA SIGMA OMICRON

(Founded in 1888 at University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.)

COLORS
Ruby and Pink

FLOWER
Red Carnation

Chapters

- BETA—Synodical College, Fulton, Mo.
 GAMMA—Christian College, Columbia, Mo.
 DELTA—University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah.
 EPSILON—Hardin College, Mexico, Mo.
 ZETA—Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn.
 ETA—Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.
 THETA—Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
 KAPPA—Fairmont Seminary, Washington, D. C.
 LAMDA—Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky.
 MU—Crescent College, Eureka Springs, Ark.
 NU—Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.
 XI—Central College, Lexington, Mo.
 OMICRON—Liberty Ladies' College, Liberty, Mo.

Roll of Theta Chapters, 1910-1911

Brita Bent	Colorado	Pearl Hafner	Missouri
Jean Brown	Illinois	Stella Hayes	Oklahoma
Ruth Browder	Kentucky	Mattie Mann	Arkansas
Carolyn Courtner	Alabama	Louise Morrison	Oklahoma
Lulie Tate Fall	Tennessee	Virginia Norton	Arkansas
Clara Fields	Kentucky	Hazel Wilson	Arkansas
Ludie May Green	Illinois	Corinne White	Tennessee



SIGMA IOTA CHI

(Founded December, 1903, Alexandria, La.)

COLORS
Purple and Gold

FLOWER
Violet

Chapter Roll

ALPHA—Alexandria, La.

BETA—Winchester, Tenn.

DELTA—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music

GAMMA—Ward's Seminary, Nashville, Tenn.

ZETA—Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

THETA—Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.

KAPPA—Campbell-Hagerman, Lexington, Ky.

LAMBDA—Cloverside College, Washington, D. C.

MU—Crescent College, Eureka Springs, Ark.

NU—Brenan, Gainesville, Ga.

XI—Shorter College, Rome, Ga.

Zeta Chapter 1910-1911

Panline Atterbury	Mississippi	Larissa Kittrell (pledged)	Tennessee
Esther Avent (pledged)	Tennessee	Florence Lee	West Virginia
Louise Buckingham	Tennessee	Charlotte Love	Mississippi
Jeanette Bartlette	Colorado	Eleanor Means	Colorado
Hazel Davis	Arkansas	Ella Mallory	Tennessee
Lenora Hippard	Illinois	Marye Sue Nance	Tennessee
Florence Hollinsworth	Oklahoma	Mary Nelson (pledged)	Tennessee
Margaret Rickman (pledged)	Tennessee		
Donna Blair Rosebrough	Tennessee		
Bess Stovall	Mississippi		
Helen Marie Walker	Missouri		
Lucile Wilson	Missouri		
Annis McDonnell, Arkansas			



THETA KAPPA DELTA

(Founded at Belmont College in 1897)

COLORS
Crimson and Gold

FLOWER
Red Carnation

Members

Louise Blackstone	Mississippi
Ione Brown	Mississippi
Christine Davis	Tennessee
Nelle Hay	Ohio
Jewell Hervey	Mississippi
Ruth Hervey	Mississippi
Helen Krell	Illinois
Susie McLean	Mississippi
Ione Montgomery	Mississippi
Evelyn Pettus	Arkansas
Genevieve Pettus	Arkansas
Elizabeth Sanders	Oklahoma
Madeline Swaim	Illinois
Marie Tremaun	Illinois
Beauford Tweedy	Alabama

Sorores in Urbe

Mrs. S. J. Banks	Mrs. J. N. Stone
Mrs. Ross H. Huddleston	



MID-YEAR COTILLION

"Will all the girls who are in the fancy dress cotillion please come to Middlemarch to make paper flowers directly after the mail is given out?"

This was the announcement read in chapel every day for two weeks before the date, March 7.

So started the most wonderful of all cotillions at Belmont. The cotillion girls *did* go to Middlemarch and they made pink wisteria blossoms till some of them nearly had the "pink-eye." But they were well repaid when, by Miss Greig's untiring enthusiasm and unceasing labor, they saw old Rec. Hall looking like a fairy bower with ropes of wisteria draped from the chandeliers to the top of each of the pillars and branches of peach blossoms around the bottom.

Excitement ran high when the participants in the party began to assemble, and "ohs" and "ahs" of admiration or amusement were heard over each new costume as it appeared.

The costumes were indeed varied and delightful. Peasant girls from nearly every country were represented, as

well as clowns, flowers, red cross nurses, "Mary Janes," Puritans, tennis girls, and even French maids, and Mardi Gras figures.

Miss Martha Hall Newman, as an Indian maid, was awarded first prize for having the prettiest costume. The prize was a miniature pair of dumb bells and Indian clubs, tied together with ribbon. Miss Marybelle Hill as a Dutch girl, and Miss Frances Williamson, as a Scotch lassie, tied for second prize.

The grand march was led off by Miss Greig and Miss Parmalee, two Turks. After this the couples took their assigned places around the room and the fun began. The figures and favors were very pretty and artistic, showing Miss Greig's clever ingeniousness and ability, as most of them were made by the girls at her direction.

As a special favor from Miss Hood, the dancing continued till the late hour of ten o'clock.

Mr. Leftwich then took flash light pictures of the company.

—B. B.



MID-YEAR COTILLION



EXCESS LAUNDRY MAN

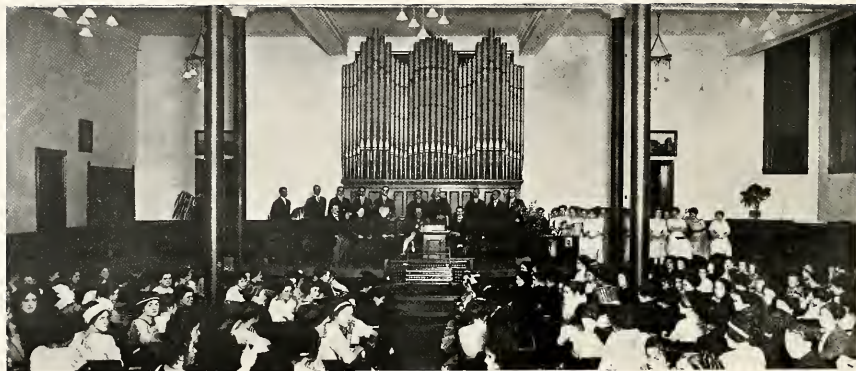
It was Monday morning, recreation hall was crowded with busy girls, there was an unusual crowd in one corner, and I hastened over to see what the excitement could be. At first just a man's foot was all I could see, a man's foot in Belmont! Could it be that a red necktie dude had entered these sacred non-man grounds, or had a Vanderhilt freshman ventured too far over the hill. The crowd around him grew larger and larger. Fearing that I should miss the excitement, I, too, pushed with the eager girls, nearer and nearer. First I saw a modest-looking black tie—a minister or professor, I thought, as I drew nearer. Suddenly the girl in front of me, with a sigh of relief, moved away, and I found myself face to face with "The Excess Laundry Man."



TUESDAY INFIRMARY GIRL

The bell had pealed forth its mournful call that dreary Tuesday morning, and with pleasant thoughts of yesterday's holiday and Skalowski's pleasures we hurried to the beloved chapel, where so often we have wandered. At the foot of the stairs I met such a pathetic figure I was almost moved to tears. Could this pale, mournful little thing be the bright, attractive Belmont girlie that graced Fifth Avenue late yesterday afternoon. She looked upward with a sigh, and holding her side gasped, "Middle Ages." It was then that I recognized "The Tuesday Infirmary Girl."





FROM MR. BRYAN'S TALK AT BELMONT, FEBRUARY 18, 1911

It required no persuasion to bring me here. I have known of your institution, and I am glad to visit even briefly those assembled here.

Circumstances largely direct our lives. We are never quite sure—women possibly less than men—just what environment will control the life. I believe in giving to women, as to men, an opportunity for all the intellectual development that the individual will undertake. I am in full sympathy with you in all your aspirations and in all your undertakings.

I found my wife in a boarding school. I believe in girls' boarding schools. I am grateful to the girls' boarding school for the training that it gave my wife. I have testified to my interest in the girls' schools. I have sent my two daughters to boarding school.

I might say that this is a very beautiful gathering! I might without stretching the truth or being suspected of insincerity state that it would be difficult to bring together in any part of the country or of the world a body of young ladies upon whom a young man would more gladly look. Yet I am not here to flatter you, because I believe that this is not the most beautiful period of life. I believe there are other periods of life where woman appears to better advantage. I never gave to my sweetheart such adoration as I did to the wife when she came to me bearing in her arms our first child. I have no wonder that the world loves the Madonna pictures. There is nothing that appeals to the heart of the man like the countenance of the wife who has become a mother. I

want to assure any of you who may feel that you are in the heyday of your beauty and of your attractiveness that you have not entered yet upon the richest part of womanhood. It may be as the years go by, the beauty that the young men rave about may be less apparent. There is no reason why it should not rather develop as the stars disappear when the sun rises, and this beauty of your girlhood, indescribably perfect as it is, be lost in the richer colors of the woman, who is developing life's possibilities and justifying her place in society. My wife is more beautiful to me today than she was when we were married.

There is a work for women in this world, and it is not advertising a jewelry store or acting as a pattern for dressmakers. There is a work for woman besides being a billboard to advertise her husband's prosperity. Woman was put here as man was, for a purpose, and there is work enough for us all, and the world is full of evidence that woman can do her part as well as man can do his. You cannot set limits to the possibilities of service, you cannot measure what one can accomplish. All the preparation and sacrifice made to give you these advantages by those who founded the institution, by those who are your instructors, by those who sent you here—all this is just for one purpose, and that is that you should be better prepared to do the work which lies before you. And no accomplishments that may make you shine in society will be sufficient to justify the neglect of that larger service that must as time goes on come within the reach of all of you.

MERELY PERSONAL

There is a college mate Jones,
Who sure is a great one on tones;
She strikes lowest C
And might even take B,
Except they'd resemble some moans.

There is a young lady named Wyckoff,
Whose name is a hard one to take off;
We've tried hard to rhyme,
But we've lost all our time,
So we've just got to wind up and break off.

There is a young lady named Beckwith,
About whom this sure is no myth,
That she hears from Winthrop
Not just drop by drop,
But almost as though he were kith.

At Belmont's a lady named Kline,
Who's a crusher from way down the line:
She'll crush one a while,
While they are in style,
Then drop them with never a pine.

In school is a friend named Krell,
Who rushes Louise pellmell.
She has other crimes,
Such as handing out lines
To those she desires to "sell."

We have in Miss Crebs an aspirant
About whom the teachers all rant.
She's a shark in dear chem.,
And outshines all of them,
Who "do as Lorene" they just can't.

There is a young lady named Major
Who's a puzzle to all I may wager,
We say she's odd and she's queer.
E'en peculiar, I fear,
And still we don't quite seem to gauge her.

There is a young lady named Red,
Who's named from the shade of her head;
She sure looked a fright,
And so did her like
When hit by a car, and she thought he was dead.

In Belmont's a lady named Bent,
Whose affections on Σ X's spent,
She wears high his pin
And says he'll be kin,
And he's left in her heart a deep dent.

There is a young lady named Porter,
Who on K. A. pins is a sporter,
She's crazy 'bout men
Who always wear 'em,
And to dances she goes where she hadn't orter.

There is a young lady named Hip,
Who sure is our best at the dip.
She'll dance it with Krell,
With Floss or Rachel,
And makes it look like 'twas easy to dip.

There is a young lady named Floss
Who some think is made of just dross.
She wears hobble skirts
And she's one who ne'er dirts,
And in fashions she's sure "on the gloss."

In Lindsay we have our great leader,
She thinks that we surely do need her
To organize clubs
And to raise big hubbubs,
But it takes all our time just to feed her.

A demure little maiden once came
To Belmont to win herself fame,
She's Marybelle Hill
And although she's no pill,
To crushes she's sure caused a pain.

SENIOR RECEPTION

The scene is Rec. Hall, where gathered around
One poor man are a number of girls,
All decked in best dresses, with low necks and trains,
And a myriad of puffs, bangs and curls.

'Tis the Senior Reception, which all through the year,
Has been kept by each girl well in mind,
For then may a lady fair ask her young man,
And joy in his company find.

At least so they think, but oh, what a blow,
When they find 'most five girls to one man,
And that their one chance is to get in ahead
And to keep him as long as they can.

A mad rush is made for the first man that comes.
"I got him!" cries one girl in glee.
"You can't keep him long," is the answer, "for soon
He'll be passed to the others, you'll see."

"Oh, how do you do?" "Nice weather we've had."

"This reception of yours is all right."

"Here comes Miss McDonald, you'll have to move on."

"So glad to have met you, good-night."

To the innocent freshman, this night seems most grand,
With its staying up late, men and ice;
But when you're a senior, and have been through it all—
Honest truth, does it seem quite so nice?

—W. T. A.



SENIOR RECEPTION

A NAUGHTY TRICK

Little box,	At the bottom
Wrapped up cute;	Lady finds—
Paper, ribbons,	Not nice flowers,
Card to boot.	Several kinds.
 "To Miss Merson,	 Not some candy.
From her floor;	Not a ring,
This to show	Not some jewelry.
Her, we adore."	No such thing.
 Lady 'spicious,	 In the bottom
Will not take,	On a bed
Prob'ly thinks it	Of nice paper—
Sort of fake.	Mouse that's dead!
 Other teachers	 Lady gives an
Her persuade	Awful yip!
For a joke it	Puts the mouse down
Is not made.	Starts to skip.
 Then she opens	 Awful mix-up.
And unwraps	Lady mad;
All the papers—	Girls who did it
Something haps.	Awful glad.

Lady says who
 'Tis she'll know,
 When she finds out
 Home they'll go.

—W. T. A.

HEAVENLY TWINS—
 Louise Evans.
 Eva Milton.

THE BELMONT DISCIPLINARIANS—
 Miss Buchanan.
 Miss Newcomb.

THE CHAIR OF HISTORY—
 Miss Wendel.
 Miss Cortner.
 Ernestine Langfelder.

FAMOUS ACTRESSES OF 1911—
 Sarah Bernhardt.

THEORY INSTRUCTOR—
 Miss Parmelee.
 Miss Gillespie.

Scene—Luigart's.
 Personae—Two Belmont girls.

First Girl (to waiter)—"Bring us the menu, please."

Waiter brings menu and stands waiting expectantly for order.

Second Girl—"Planked steak. Mm!"

First Girl—"Broiled chicken! Hm!"

Waiter brings another book to put order in—and waits.

Second Girl—"Frozen eggnogg. Umhmn!"

First Girl—"Fruit salad. Ooh!"

Waiter brings another pencil—and waits.

First Girl (at length looking up)—
 "One club sandwich, please."

Second Girl—"Same order for me."



JOKES AND NEAR JOKES

WAS IT INTENDED?

I once received a valentine,
A cunning little thing;
Two tiny red hearts tied togeth-
Er with a bit of string.

On the outside these words I found,
"The dearest girl to me;
And what she's like, if you will look
Inside the hearts you'll see."

In wonderment I gazed at it,
"What can it mean?" I cried.
I opened it, and there I saw
A mirror—cracked—inside! —W. T. A.

(With Apologies to Shakespeare)

"To be or not to be—that is the question,"
When we enter Miss Cantwell's class;
But what do we care so long as we get
Just enough of that grade to pass.

We go in there full of happiness,
We laugh, we joke, and we talk;
But indeed we study and learn enough
To get the required mark.

But when the hard day is over
And we are "fagged out" and sore,
We can well come to this conclusion,
In there we have surely learnt more.

And so let us all love Miss Cantwell,
For she is sweet, good, and true.
And I'll bet if old Shakespeare could rise up
He'd love that good lady, too.

—B. K.

One day at chapel service
Dr. Alexander said
One had gained an education
If the Bible one had read.
So Donna Blair decided
That she'd sit up awful late
To read the Bible through and then
Next morning graduate.

If you go to Belmont, dear,
At "Vandy" I will be;
To any church you go, dear,
Pray look around for me.

OPINIONS

Bells—Too soon.
Middy blouses, oftentimes less.
Dr. Landrith a cruel monster.
Choral—A mixture of irregular vibrations.
May 24—Never to come.
Next year—Never again!
Bells—All right.
Neat and prim.
Dr. Landrith a perfect thing.
Choral—A blending of sweet feminine voices.
May 24—Coming too soon.
Next year—Back on Sept. 21, 1911.

It was Alice blue.
It is Helen pink.
It will be Ludie Green.

BELMONT

To the Pessimistic Girl—

A dark, gloomy prison.
Work; Latin, Mathematics, Theory.
Hateful teachers, "pesky" girls.
Hash.
Walks—a bore.

To the Optimistic Girl—

A bright, beautiful place.
Fun; tennis, making fudge, go swimming.
Darling instructors, congenial maidens.
Quail on toast.
Walks—a pleasure.

MISS CANTWELL: "Marie, who was Aeneas?"
MARIE: "A beast!"
BELLE: "I suppose Dido thought so."

Miss Helen Hanley has at last won the P. C. degree at Belmont College.

Miss Butler feels that two Bells are too much for her, especially when one is by no means a silence Bell (e).

SOME ANNOUNCEMENTS AT 3 P. M.

By MISS McELROY

(Ding ding on the bell.) "Please get ready for announcements! Everyone turn around with her face the other way, scrape feet on the floor, rattle paper, converse with your neighbors, or keep on writing letters."

I. There will be a lecture in chapel Monday afternoon from two to five o'clock by Dr. Alexander. He will also render a few favorite tenor selections as a special inducement to any girl who is so frivolous as to imagine that she would rather go up town to Skalowski's. Attendance on this lecture will be entirely optional, but you will be called and held in chapel, and a strict roll call taken, and five demerits given to any girl absent.

II. The Y. W. C. A. will sell Divinity fudge this afternoon at 3:30; something new in the candy line, only 30 cents per half pound. This is a bargain, ladies, and you can't miss it.

III. Miss Hood sends this announcement: Because the girls keep such refined quiet in the little hall south of the dining room, and because I have had such good reports from your chapel teacher about the ladylike and noiseless way in which you enter chapel at the one o'clock roll call, you will be allowed to attend the Orpheum Theatre on Saturday night, April 1, to see "The Window at the White Cat," a play highly recommended in the Red Book this month.

They say at the gates of Hades, a watch dog
stands so bold,
They say at the gates of heaven, St. Peter guards
the fold,
But out at the gates of Belmont, in Nashville,
Tennessee,
A watchman guards the portals, and no matter
what the fee,
Nor how many good credentials, nor who you
want to see,
He will not let you enter, if—a gentlemen you
may be.

S. L. and E. McC.

Who's the prettiest girl in college?
Who's the cleverest girl we know?
Who's the girl with a great deal of knowledge?
Who's the girl who is stupid and slow?

There are many both pretty and clever,
There are many who shine, and are bright,
But none are stupid or ever
Will fall behind in the fight.

—M. B. H.

IV. The rules of not dancing in the corridors after light bell at night, not visiting on Sunday afternoon and of never speaking in chapel have been instituted by faculty at the petition of some of our earnest and studiously inclined girls, among them Helen Hanley, Effie Gross, Louise Evans, Grace Kidd, and Marcia Paramore. These new (?) regulations will be rigidly enforced, and observed, and anyone breaking one of them will be cordially invited to visit the Principals' sanctum under the espionage of Miss Davis.

V. These are the girls who will take seats on the rostrum Tuesday for constantly keeping up a conversation in chapel, cutting roll calls and practice, being insolent to teachers and slipping off to town unchaperoned: Stella Hayes, Pearl Boland, Mildred Utterback, Mary Sue Wallace, Eva Milton, Agnes Weber and Ruth Hervey.

VI. The Student Volunteer Movement will have a meeting in chapel this afternoon for a few minutes, to be sure not over two hours. A select glee club quartette, assisted by Salvation Army experts, will favor the student body with excruciating selections. Attendance optional.

—A. H. J.

Miss Maxwell says she is anxious to see Shakespeare's "Hamlet" played, but has never had a chance to see a thorough master act it, and thus far her wish has not been gratified. We would recommend that she attend the "Bijou" on Friday, June 13, when Miss Hazel Wilson's celebrated company, with Tommy Allen as Hamlet, is scheduled to play, and we are sure that her ambition in this direction will be gratified and she will never again long to see this masterpiece of "our friend Bill."

They have asked me to write a poem,
And my mind is terribly blank;
But it's up to me, now, to show 'em,
Though I know 'twill be perfectly rank.

"Milady in Brown" may be clever,
And you all think we are so bright,
But you never will know, no never,
That to get it is one hard fight!

—M. B. H.

DEDICATED TO KATHARINE RUBLE

I've got a lovely corduroy,
And I'm just in the swim,
Just very few haint none at all,
And I sure pity them.

They can't have any fun these days;
They're worse off than a prep.
They never understand the joy
My dress is every step.

It clings and sticks and looks just swell,
It creates lots of talk;
Though it gives me little room to grow,
I love it—cept when I walk.

I wouldn't swap my corduroy
For any kind of dress,
I'll wear it days and nights and years,
And love it none the less. —L. C. W.

DEDICATED TO H. E. M.

There is a young lady in school
About whom more than one is a fool.
Her walk's characteristic,
Her character mystic,
How's your last crush for a tool?

THE DISBANDMENT OF THE CLASSIFICATION COMMITTEE

Our considerate committee's disbanded;
They couldn't seem to proceed,
Each dear lady wanted her way,
And the others would pay her no heed.

At the last all-important meeting
Each one 'gainst the other did rail;
When Dr. Landrith appeared on the scene
There was lightning, thunder and hail.

We decidedly approve the decision
That we have no committee at all,
For things were getting decidedly mixed
And hair was beginning to fall. —R. N.

CAN YOU PICTURE?

Susie Porter without a frat pin.
Eva Milton committing a sin.
Pearl Boland breaking a rule.
Louise Evans liking school.
Helen Krell without her crush.
Any Belmont girl ever "flush."
Marie Tremann cutting gym.
Helen Hanley her "excess" in.
Lucy Porter without her mate.
Ada Carrington dancing straight.
Winifred Angell not acting the fool.
Christine Davis not cutting school.
Virginia Newcomb's being late.
Rachel Neil with her hat on straight.
These you can't picture, for no man can paint
A girl who will look like just what she "ain't."
So change all your wishes with a sigh for
what's lacked,
For even at Belmont they can't—'tis fact.

BLUE TUESDAY

Oh, that I were dead, and buried far beneath
the sod,
Far from Analytics, and the toils that make us
plod,
Far from Ethics lessons, and the grades we soon
will get,
Far from the "heavenly bodies" on which our
thoughts were set!
Would that the green grass grew above, and the
birds sang o'er me;
Oh, would that my sad heart were still, 'neath
a weeping willow tree,
Would that I were buried deep, where the school-
bells never call.
Where pianos never jangle, and where grades can
never fall!

—L. S. P.

Did you ever go to ethics on a bright, sunny day?
Hadn't ope'd a book, hear Miss Blalock say:
"Miss ———, I just think you're a J."
Oh, oh, you Senior, does it always pay?

THE THETA WATER CURE

Over yonder in Heronholm,
About half-past nine last night,
The Thetas broke loose in a wild stampede,
That caused such an awful fright;
"Ma" Pettus tore out of the bungalow
And headed across the lot
Like a nineteen eleven automobile
With all of the cylinders hot.

The screams continued, the yells kept up,
And on Mrs. Pettus sped,
While out of the windows hung the girls
Clad "gee, costume de bed."
Then "ma" gave up the chase and came
Back into the house,
And between her peals of laughter said,
"Law, it was only a mouse."

L'ENVOI

It wasn't a rat and it wasn't a mouse;
Honest to goodness—sure—
It was only a couple of Theta girls
Giving Marie the water cure.

THE STORY OF A BELMONT MAID

Nashville had a little (?) school,
With quite a bunch of maidens,
And everywhere the poor girls went
With teachers they were laden.

They followed them to town Mon-day,
This was a Belmont law;
It made the dear girls very sad
Not to flirt with lads they saw.

And when to Skalowski's they ventured
In their uniforms chic and brown,
They couldn't even smile at *him*
Without a teacher's frown.

—E. L. B.

A ROMANCE OF THE INFIRMARY

Third Floor Founders, just to the right,
Infirmary's open both day and night.

Measles in there, and chicken pox, too,
Girls that don't know lessons, and girls that do.

Monday it's lonesome—girls in town;
Tuesday a rush—they want to lie down!

Candy they've eaten, and other things sweet,
Girls are imprudent—won't be discreet.

Complexions get bad—isn't that strange?
They want to go home, "just for a change."

Too much practice—girls can't stand it.
"Cut down her work!" parents demand it.

Excused from church when Sunday comes 'roun'.
Has blues on Monday—can't go to town.

Things in dining room don't suit to eat—
Wants eggs and toast—not any meat.

She eats in her room as long as she's able;
Appetite's gone when she gets to the table.

Teacher gets scared, goes for the nurse;
Doctor is called, lest she get worse.

Doses she takes to make her eat;
Though she dislikes 'em—both eggs and meat.

From beginning to end the same every year;
Girls can't help it, but it does look queer.

Bad off of a morning, and well so quick.
It may be the truth, but it looks like a trick.

VAN LESTER.

A LITTLE DITTY

ENTITLED

WHO IS IT; OR, DO YOU KNOW HER?

A lady policeman we have here
 With us in old B. C.
 And now the way she is in school
 I'll try to make you see.
 "The fifteenth girl in form fourteen
 Will please come here to me.
 Ah, you were talking? Well you may
 Stay in till half past three.
 And on the morrow you may come
 And on the rostrum sit,
 Then we shall see if for this thing
 I can't some cure-all hit.
 And now the girl who spoke to you,
 I wish her to come here.
 No one comes! Miss X was talking
 To herself? H'm, that's not clear."
 And so it goes from morn till night,
 And never is she still,

Except from 1 to 6 a.m.
 She sleeps again until
 The bell rings out at 7:05
 Again she's in her place.
 "I may not know your name, but I'm
 Familiar with your face."
 But when the last two rows of girls
 File out at half-past three,
 This chapel teacher changes quite
 Her personality.
 For then she's ready for the fun
 And mixes with the girls
 Till you'd never know the difference
 'Cept she hasn't any curls.
 And so like Dr. Jekyll and
 The famous Mr. Hyde—
 Two persons is she, one we love,
 The other can't abide.

—W. T. A.

HURRAH! FOR OUR HERO



So he was into the books

It chanced on George's birthday,
 We all were full of joy,
 For we had great hopes of a day
 To honor the Old Boy.

We all came down to roll call,
 How eager we did wait,
 But not the least allusion
 To this historic date.

But lo, we sat right down again
 On this good holiday,
 And all day long the bells they rang,
 And we in school did stay.

At nine o'clock we came to school,
 Our hopes were still up high,
 But when this silence was maintained
 We heaved a doleful sigh.

We thought that this might ease our pain,
 Our country's hymn to sing;
 We all arose to chant the song,
 Loud did our voices ring.

We wired to Dr. Landrith,
 No answer did we get,
 But Miss McDonald still maintained
 That man will wire us yet.

So at the evening roll we heard
 A telegram had come,
 What clappings then and college yells,
 A holiday we'd won.

—B. B. K.





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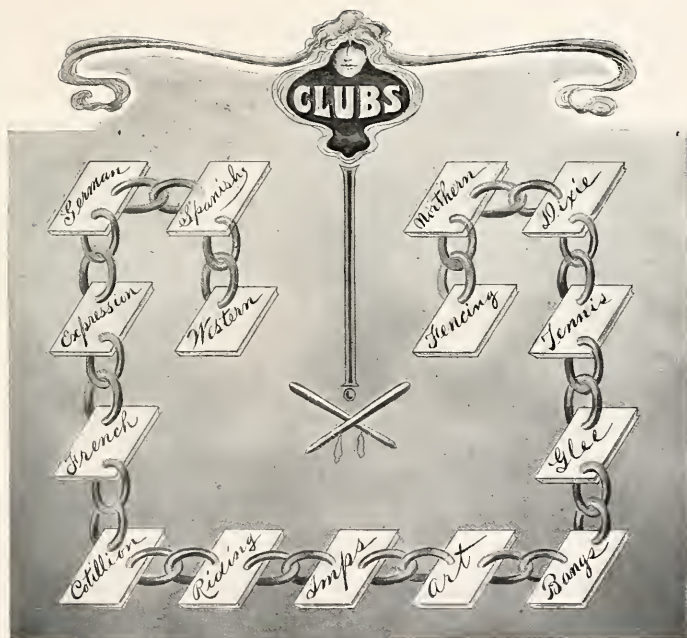
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Under & Barnes Co. Nashville

Young Women's Home, Nashville, Tenn.







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Home Sweet Home.



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MOTTO

"Siempre seremos fieles a nuestros colores"

COLORES

Vende, Blanco y Colorado

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Green and White

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Snowball

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MOTTO—"Play that Barber Shop Chord."



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COLORS
Black and Blue

IMPS

MOTTO

"Keep calm and composed
Tho' hot boils the brew;
When Imps work together
Defeats are but few."

FLOWER
Blood Red Thistle

Officers of the Realm

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PINKERTON IMP Ludie Team, $T \Phi \Sigma$	3RD DEGREE IMP Nelle Hay, $\Theta K \Delta$

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"TORPEDO" EVANS ΦM	"HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE" MANN $B \Sigma O$
"LONGING FOR JUNE" HEWITT $T \Phi \Sigma$	"DIPPY ADVANCE AGENT" WHITE $B \Sigma O$
"G-G-G-GO ON" HIPPARD $\Sigma I X$	



LOW NECK GIRL

Slowly and sadly she came across the dancing hall with a solemn, sober-looking teacher on either side. I wondered what the terrible offense had been—probably a dance at some Vandy Chapter house or a dinner at Luigart's unchaperoned—surely it must have been something terribly wrong, some sacred Belmont tradition had been broken. A long yellow tape measure gave me a clue, and when I moved closer I discovered that the girl was one of those horrible un-Belmontesque creatures who had worn a dress two inches and one-eighth from her collar line, when she knew that two inches and two inches only was the limit.

—E. L. B.



"My little shoes is tired," she said.
 "Des' lay 'em down beside my bed,
 An' let 'em res'. I's sleep, too—
 But let me pat 'em, 'cause they's new,
 An' p'raps they's lonesome, an' afraid.
 I's tired, muvver; go ahead
 An' sing to me; but no—I's 'fraid
 'Twould 'sturb the shoes. That wouldn't do,
 Because my little shoes is tired.

"Des' hold my hand in yours, instead.
 An' tiss me, an' den smooove my head.
 Muvver, yo' eyes is so soft an' blue—
 I loves you—an' I's sleep, too;
 I won't talk any more, 'cause under the bed
 My—little—shoes—is—tired—too."

—L. S. P.



BELMONT ART EXHIBIT 1909-1910



ART CLUB

MOTTO

*Our palette is our instrument,
Its colors the notes, and upon it we play our symphonies.*
—Whistler.

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AT THE ART RECEPTION

THE STORY OF A GULF STORM



CHAPTER ONE.

A snapping breeze had sprung up over the Gulf, and the water, hitherto calm and oily, was now broken into tiny blue wavelets with crests of frothy white. Several silver-lined clouds appeared on the horizon and started hurriedly across the sky, as if to escape from this journey in the blue glare as quickly as possible. The water accordingly changed color, and their reflections shone in the daintiest of opaline tints. Earlier in the day the atmosphere was sultry, and now the breeze had developed into a full-grown wind, keen, cool, and invigorating.

Suddenly the sun's rays lit on a yellow racing boat, shaped long and oval, just emerging from the mouth of a bayou into this arm of the Gulf, called Callien Bay. There were two men seated in it, one at the wheel steering, and the other leaning back in the most comfortable chair smoking.

"Now, this is something like!" the recumbent one exclaimed, stretching his somewhat lengthy frame as far as the cabin of the boat would permit, and settling back to enjoy the scene at ease. "Give me the open water every time. Here there are no muddy banks closing a fellow in to prevent his seeing further than ten feet, and even then those blooming oak trees with their gray beards were so grisly—I for one would advise the old gentlemen to change their tailors. Me, I always was a modest, retiring sort of chap, and the moss-beard idea doesn't suit my style. Too thinly woven, you know." He puffed seriously at his pipe, noting all the while the exasperated hump in his companion's back. "Really, you can see—"

"Cut it, Dick, and go pour some more oil on that small fly wheel. You've talked a blue streak ever since we got in here, and it's time you were making yourself useful. Be careful with your oil, there." Skip! went the little motor. "Don't do it so fast. She's skipping worse now. If anything serious were to happen way out here—"

He kept his anxiety to himself, however, and began to tinker with the machinery near him, while his friend poured oil over the back of the boat in general.

The little craft picked its way in and out of the tortuous passes with the ease and grace of a yellow serpent. This was sea-marsh, and the small islands rose up around them everywhere, with trails of glimmering blue dividing them. Some glided up from the water and stretched out lazily into the sun, others were merely green knolls, pretty islets, each with its beach-girdle of dazzling sand and shells, and all radiant with the foliage of orange or magnolias. Once they came up unexpectedly on an oasis, covered with tawny grasses. On the tips of the grass stalks were things like husks—wheat-colored husks—large, flat, and laid evenly along the lee-side of each swaying stalk, so as to present only their edges to the wind. The motor's exhaust coughed sharply, and suddenly the pale husks detached themselves and rose in the air to flutter away by hundreds and settle down further off, and turn into wheat-colored husks once more—a whirling flower-drift of sleepy butterflies!

Skirting Grande Terre, the most beautiful island in the Gulf, they passed through Grande Pass and then they met with disaster.

As they left the Pass a small, curiously shaped cloud pushed its head up over the rim of the sea. It was followed by several others, rising at first like fleecy cotton, then molded together by the impelling wind into a huge black ball. The air became sultry again, the wavelets that had so joyously slapped against the sides of the boat a few minutes before, now hid themselves in their mother ocean, and the little yellow thing was rocked and tossed in the oily swells. A sharp, jagged streak of light in the threatening mass overhead and the instantaneous peal of thunder awoke the men to a realization of their danger. They hurriedly turned the boat and began the race with the rain for the Pass.

The wind increased in violence until it was blowing a stiff gale, and the sea became a seething mass of waters. Through the Pass they scurried and were headed for Grande Terre, when the motor



gave a report like that of a pistol and with one despairing gasp stopped entirely. Both men stood up, but the rain was upon them, and deliberately taking matters into its own hand, beat them down furiously into the bottom of the boat. A huge wave caught the slender craft playfully into the air, leaving it suspended for one breathless moment, then down it came, wallowing in the trough. Surely they would be capsized if this continued, and the men huddled as much out of the way of the rain as was possible in their scanty cabin and waited, fearfully. They could feel the boat tossed and whirled aimlessly around and around and with no seeming progress in any direction. Suddenly it gave a leap, rode to the top of an enormous breaker, and was cast easily up on a sand bar. The men jumped out, pulled up the boat, and looked about for shelter.

CHAPTER TWO.

The island was bleakly uninteresting, a wilderness of wind-swept grasses and sinewy weeds, waving away from the thin beach, speckled with drift and decaying things—worm-riddled timber and dead porpoises. In front of the beach, behind some puny scrub timber was an old 'dobe hunting camp, hermetically closed as to doors and windows, and seemingly deserted but for the thin smoke arising from the chimney. The two men hurried up to the house and knocked. The door was opened for them by a very old man—perhaps over seventy. He gave them one astonished look from his half-blind old eyes, then hurried them inside, shut the door and ceremoniously gave them chairs by the fire.

The camp was a two-room affair, and this seemed to be the general living room. In front of the door was a large fireplace, about six feet wide and nearly as high. A kettle was hung on a rod between the big andirons, and at one side was an old-fashioned spit. The furniture of the room consisted of a long, narrow cot on the left and a bench and rack for hunting paraphernalia on the right. Several cane bottom chairs and a table completed the furnishings.

The old man hurried across the room and called, "Adele! Adele!" "Messieurs have the col' inside? Mais, out—it iss the wind an' rain thad iss bad by a posson. The damp id makes not'in bud col', col', col', I know. I been by dis place one long tim'. Mais, id's the storm whad cain ged no'tings to move dis house, messieurs. Dis house, id is one ver' strong house." His old gray head nodded knowingly, and he also sat down by the fire.

Before the men could say a word of explanation as to their plight a very beautiful girl came into the room and immediately kneeling before the fire began to prepare coffee in two tin cups. It was very hot and black with no adulterations whatever. The girl's appearance was hardly one to be passed over without comment or wonder. She was a dainty, slender thing with bright golden hair and blue eyes, about eighteen years of age. She moved quickly, and seemed utterly unconscious of the men's presence. After the tin cups, steaming with black coffee, had been placed in the strangers' hands, she slipped quietly out of the room, and there was silence for a few moments. Then the lengthy Richard's curiosity got the better of him.

"The er—young lady. Is she—your daughter?" he inquired awkwardly of his host.

"Adele? My lill' gal? I mais, no. Now, now, messieur!" exclaimed the old man. Then his face grew grave, and he puffed long and solemnly at his pipe. The storm was still raging, and the boom of the breakers kept up a hollow cannonade, but inside this staunch old camp the men felt secure.

"You are interest, oui?" the old man said suddenly, peering at them. "Mais, I will tell you by a story 'bout such storm whad cam' by Lass' Isle. Id was one mos' terreific storm, yass." He very carefully refilled his pipe.

"Now, why," thought Richard, "can't he be nice and tell us about Miss Adele? Even storms grow monotonous at times?" But the story the old man told in his broken English, and with his expressive gestures was so absorbing that the ground outside was almost dry when the two men at last drew back their chairs from the fireside. This is the story as Richard afterward told it in his New York home.

Across the Pass was Last Isle, in its day as famed as Grande Terre at present. It was a summer resort, patronized by very exclusive New Orleans society. There was a beautiful hotel, a massive two-story structure with many apartments, and a large dining room and dance hall. It was the height of the season. The long myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer visitors, the bathing houses were crowded with people who flocked to the water morning and evening. The hotel could hardly accommodate its guests. At the end of July the weather was perfect. For weeks no cloud had broken the warm blue of the heavens; the days were born in rose and buried in gold.

Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of sky seemed to yawn bluer than ever, a change touched the waters. The horizon



curve lifted to a line—an immeasurable wrinkle of green water that approached nearer and nearer, until it curled itself out in sheets of foam as it reached the beach, with a low whisper of thunder. It was followed by another and then another—they were scarcely two feet high—then all was still. Minutes passed and the heaving recommenced with renewed vigor. Then the swells became shorter, and the whole sea from horizon to shore was one continued heaving. Yet there was no wind, no cloud, nothing but the restless tossing of the sea. The sun that evening set under a rose-tinted bridge of vapor that arched the sky from one side to the other. With the last golden ray the cloud-bridge trembled, swayed and slowly swung open to the wind! For a week the wind blew a steady gale, bringing with it breakers twice the height of a man. On the ninth of August it changed. It ceased being a breath and became a voice, moaning and hooting, uttering weird night owl sounds across the world. That night the breakers began to roll up the sand slopes and into the salines, flooding the village bayou. The tenth of August dawned in a gray gloom and a flood of whistling rain. The weekly mail steamer failed to make its appearance, and the men who had struggled to the beach to look for it returned to the hotel with a haunting fear on their faces. Many of the villagers had hurried to the hotel for safety, as cottages began to rock, chimneys trembled, shutters were wrenched off, roofs were battered to ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth, and still the storm grew blacker and louder.

Towards evening someone suggested a dance. Silks and satins were donned, fear was laid aside in the nervous meriment of the dance. The music was irresistible, and on and on they danced, oblivious to the Wind who was slowly veering from northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south. He came whirling all before him in his mighty arms! Someone shrieked, water flowed in thin streams over the polished floor. What could it be? All the land began to quake. The building shook. What could it be? There was a panic as the dancers rushed to doors and windows to confront roaring billows reaching up to their very feet, and in the ghostly hush that followed the first terrified cries,

there grew a fearful sound rolling up from the south—more horrible than the thunder of an earthquake.

There were boats, yes! But no human being could reach them now! There arose a hoarse, sickening cry as the selfishness and the brutalities of panic raged. Men wrenched down doors, some clung to sofas, others to billiard tables, during one awful moment—then—then came the giant swells thundering through the blackness. One crash—the frame building rocks and sea-saws. Another—the chandelier is splintered—a cataract hurls itself into the place and the immense house rises, swings about as on a pivot, and crumbles into a seething billow. One more crash—and where a beautiful village once stood is now a deep sea channel.

So passed the storm, ever leaving in its wake ruin and desolation. The next morning a fisherman came from his hut (the only one left standing on his island) and found half buried in the newly formed sand bar a billiard table with a basket strapped to it. In the basket wrapped in blankets lay a little girl of two years. He hurried with her to his wife and together they worked over the little from till the eyelids fluttered up and disclosed big blue eyes, and the roses came again into the smooth sea-wet cheeks. Weeks passed, and the baby who called herself Adele could not be identified. The Creole fisherman wished to keep the child, and this he was allowed to do. She had grown up strangely out of place in this poverty and desolation.

"But that is all, messieurs!" the old man exclaimed.

The sun was shining, and all traces of the storm had disappeared as quickly as they had come. The two men reluctantly departed after thanking their host for his hospitality and his help with the broken motor.

Not a word was spoken by either of them until they skirted the Pass and brought up alongside an acre of sand thrown up out of the sea, and adorned with only fine old oak trees, fine stooping figures in line against the horizon, like fleeing women with streaming garments and hair—thrusting out hands desperately to keep themselves from falling.





WE'VE BEEN HAD 'EM

DEPARTMENT
OF MUSIC



MUSIC FACULTY

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Director

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MRS. SOPHIE GIESKE-BERRY

Piano

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Piano

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Piano

ELISE D. MERSON

Voice

LELIA WHEELER

Voice

MRS. GABRIELLA MUDROCH

Voice

VRATISLAV MUDROCH

Violin and Piano

MABEL L. PARMELEE

Theory, Harmony, and History of Music

FREDERICK ARTHUR HENKEL

Pipe Organ and Piano

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Marie Hewitt	Martha Trogdon

Piano

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Bobby Briley	Edith Scaling
Thenia Spell	Marie Treeman
Ludie Team	Louise Walls
Elsie Young	Gladys Woodson
Mary Williams	Roberta Spencer

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THE GLEE CLUB

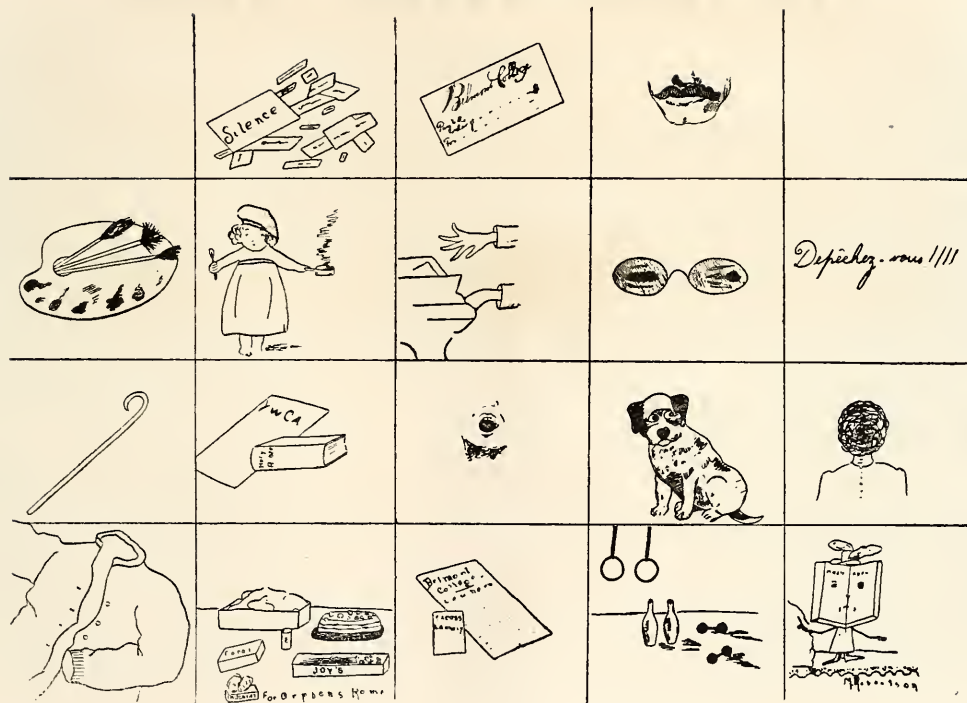
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Bernice Allen	Pearl Hafner	Alma Rankin
Isabel Dean	Evelyn Pettus	Alpha Sledge
Annis Jones	Brita Bent	Ethel Stephens

LOOK WHO'S HERE!



BELMONT DAILY NEWS

VOL. VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

NO. 11

Miss Maxwell entertained her table with a "talk on Cornell."

The funeral services of "All Belmont Privileges" was held by the faculty, Friday, March 31.

Misses Brown and Hervey are now holding Sunday school classes at the conservatory every Sunday morning. All friends invited.

The proper style of wearing spring hats is now being demonstrated in the Belmont millinery department by Miss McDonald and her model, Miss Boatner.

Misses Hood and Krell are now suing the Belmont Annual for six pair of shoes worn out and digestion lost at Luigart's during the recent annual mix-up.

In order to give Misses Hanley and Roseborough a rest from their arduous work of the past few weeks, Miss Hood invited them to spend a few days with her.

SOCIETY NEWS

Mrs. Foster, accompanied by her friend, Miss Montgomery, from Mississippi, have been visiting Miss Hood for the past few days.

After spending a few hours with friends in Fidelity Friday night, Miss Rachel Neil was accompanied home by Miss Davis.

The girls of First Floor Founders are at home to their many friends from 7 to 10 P.M.

—E. L. B.

FRESHMAN CLASS

The Classification Committee was surprised last fall by the large number of girls who wished to take Analytics, Psychology, Shakespeare, and Geology. Upon investigation it was found that almost the entire Freshman Class was aspiring to these subjects, and they were very much disappointed when faculty gently but firmly insisted on their taking first-year Algebra, beginning Latin, and other subjects to correspond.

Since then, however, they have admitted that perhaps it was best that they did not take Senior subjects. Their chief aim and ambition is to advance to the dignified place of Sophomores, when they will be able to look down from their height on other green Freshmen.

SUB-SENIOR

You wonder why we look so sad,
So weary seem to be;
But still you know there's trig and lab,
And then there's English C.

We finished Caesar long ago,
And all of Cicero, too;
And when we've mastered chemistry
In one more year, we're through.

We've worked and worked for all these years
With many a jar and rub;
But next year we can truly say
We seniors! minus sub.

—PAULINE ATTERBURY.

FASHION NOTES

The latest thing in dinner gowns for Belmont girls is middy blouses.

If in doubt how to wear your uniform hat, throw it up in the air and let the force of gravity take its course.

—E. L. B.

AD COLUMN

FOR SALE—Left-over garments belonging to day students.

Special movements given in piano a la Mudroch.

College songs taught by Miss Wheeler to the student body, free of charge.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—One Belmont bath-tub plug. Finder please return to Dr. Landrith.

LOST—On April 1, all erasers and chalk from Miss Cason's class room. Finder please return to Lucile New. No questions asked.

FOUND—One set of false bangs. Zetta Jones please inquire.

FOUND—A grade of ninety, belonging to Grace Kidd.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS OF "JUNIOR LIVE WIRE"

We hear that Miss Marybelle Hill has recently secured a position in darkest Africa as chief Bible leader of the heathen.

We were horrified at the revelation of a yellow streak in Dorothy. She resigned from the geometry class before the last quarter.

Esther proclaims that she hasn't got a crush, but—well I guess "it ain't no harm for to hug and kiss your cousin."

Martha Hall's interest in the Phi Delta Theta house is becoming alarming. We hesitate to say what will be the outcome of Mr. Pete Howell's departure.

QUERY BOX

Will some one please tell me who is responsible for the conversion of Stella Hayes in the kissing line? "Country Boy."

The answer to this question is personified in seat 13, form 13, and the conversion took place on Friday, January 13.

* *

What was the attraction at Mt. Pleasant which proved so great that Miss Warnock found it impossible to remain at school?

This is an exceedingly personal subject, but we advise you to look on the first, last and including pages of Miss W's diary.

* *

Being very much encouraged by my mathematics teacher, I desire to know if there is any large university which is at present in need of a geometrical architect. Zetta E. Jones, Texas, U. S. A.

We strongly advise you to stick to Miss Cason, and not venture forth on uncharted blackboards.

Why did Miss Butler stay "under the table" so long the night before April fool? Was she absorbed in a book of Roman history?

This is one of our family secrets, therefore we hesitate to reveal it.

* *

What's the matter with the Juniors of '11?

They're all right, ready for heaven—the senior class.



YE EDITOR'S QUERY BOX

Dear Editor: When shall I go home?

Sincerely,
HELEN K.

Answer—Apply to "Hip" for answer, and if necessary draw a bull ring.

Dear Editor: Give me consistent excuse for giving up position on staff.

EUDORA M.

Answer—Apply to Mrs. Berry.

D-d-dearest Ed-di-tor: Wh-when -c-can I resume my d-d-duties as di-di-discip-plinarian of the Annual staff?

LENORE VIRGINIA HIPPARD.

Answer—As soon as Helen "goes home."

My own dear Editor: When may I begin collecting?

REVA HENRY, Treas.

Answer—When Skalowski's and Luigart's close.

WANT COLUMN

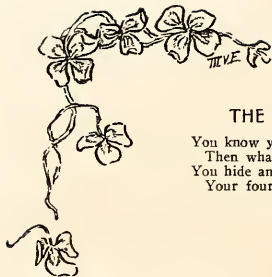
WANTED—A dictionary on the pronunciation of Hebrew. Address Miss Louise Armstrong, 241 Belmont Block.

WANTED—A new seat in the dining room. Signed, Mattie Lena Blalock.

HELP WANTED—Some one experienced in stretching shoes, size number ten. Only the best recommendations will be considered. Apply to Miss Mattie Mae Blakemore.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN—The "why" in physics. A large reward offered for its return to Miss Rowena Dibrell.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—A box of lip paint. No questions asked if returned before Saturday night to Miss F. Matthews.



THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

You know you're nice, dear little clover,
Then what's the reason why
You hide and let us walk right over
Your four green leaves so shy?

Your answer, "There is many a reason
Why I hide from thee;
One is, if I'd come every season
You would not look for me.

"So I hide more than any flower,
That's why you like to pluck,
And when you find me in your bower
My four leaves bring you luck."

—M. V. E.

WHEN SPRING IS CALLING

When April skies blend gold with blue,
And wand'ring you would be;
It is the Springtime calling you,
From glen and hill and sea.

When shadowy wings sweep o'er the fields
And perfumed odors too;
The drowsy murmurs softly steal,
When Springtime's calling you.

When robins sing and blue-jays call,
And all the world is fresh with dew;
Obey that call, which always falls,
When Springtime's calling you.

—H. T.

IRREGULAR THINGS

The long hall was dark, save for the soft light of the moon, which was coming in at the latticed windows, and all was still save for the sighing of the midnight breeze as it rustled softly through the new green leaves of the trees. The clock had barely struck twelve when at the end of the hall was seen coming a long row of white-robed figures, silently, ghostly, and with some evidently unseen purpose. The spell could not last, a hoard squeaked, and they tumbled ungracefully into the big room at the end of the hall—twelve lacey, heribboned little creatures, laughing, pushing and kicking in this moment of wild, uncontrollable glee. With sudden silence they went about the big room, and in a short time all was ready. By the light of two little candles and the rays of the dying moon they sat, with hands and mouths very much occupied, eating and talking to their hearts' content.

Suddenly the air became charged with a great importance; some unknown presence seemed to be there, something intangible, but distinctly felt.

"There," cried a golden-haired angel rising to her bare feet and shrinking back in an attitude of evident fright.

No more was needed, for all had seen the silent, swaying figure

that seemed to cling to the foot of the bed, waving there, as it were, gently in the breeze.

"What are you doing," said a vacant voice, and the figure advanced a step or two.

A little elf with dark hair and daring eyes said: "We are irregulars, and are having a feast tonight, at least some of us are—the 'game' ones."

"And do you irregulars go to school regularly, graduate, and then know a great deal?" continued the voice.

"Oh, we never graduate," cried the elf delighted; "we are just here, you know. We have a great many studies, but they are not connected—nothing follows anything, but we are awfully smart."

"That would kill me," said the voice; "you, everyone, must come with me at once."

"With you," they cried with terrified voices; "where to?"

"To the land of decision, where you start at the beginning and finish at the end. There now, you irregular," said the shadow, "you are even starting at the wrong end of that sandwich."

The angel dropped it and looked up startled. A gust of wind came, the candles went out, the moon shone in—a big red ball. It was strange, uncanny, but true; it was the end of nothing.

THE REFINED QUIET CLUB.

Flower: Blue-bells.

CHIEF QUIETUS.
Miss Hood.

Meeting Place—Belmont Dining Room.

Motto: "Children should be seen and not heard."

QUIETUS ASSISTANTS.
Ione Brown.
Louise Evans.
Florence Kahn.
Hazel Davis.

Password: "Mum."

MEMBERS.
Belmont Student Body.

IN THE WORDS OF OUR LITERATURE TEACHER, JUST FA(UNCY—

Miss Cook in bangs.

Miss Hood in a middy blouse.

Miss Blalock in an evening dress.

Miss Boyd in a hobble skirt.

Miss McDonald minus an excess laundry list.

Miss Butler in a ding-a-ling.

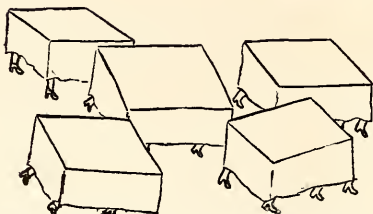
Miss Maxwell reading "Tristram King."



THE TRANSFORMATION

"I have to go to Faculty,"
A fair young maid exclaimed;
"But really I don't mind at all,"
In bold tones she proclaimed.

But when this fair young maid returned
They said she'd "ducked the noose."
But such a transformation scene!
She'd turned into a goose.



WILL ALL THE TABLES WHO HAVE NO TEACHERS MEET MISS CASON IN CHAPEL AT 3 O'CLOCK

TEN BELMONT MAIDENS

Ten Belmont maidens
Sitting in a line;
One got homesick,
Then there were nine.

Nine Belmont maidens
Standing by the gate;
One ran off with "Johnnie,"
Then there were eight.

Eight little maidens
Risked their chance of heaven;
Broke a little Belmont rule,
Then there were seven.

Seven Belmont maidens
In an awful fix;
The leader was banished from human sight,
Leaving a doleful six.

Six Belmont maidens,
Sorry they're alive;
Tho't they'd have a midnight feast,
And now there's only five.

Five Belmont maidens,
One's little throat was sore;
She went to Mrs. Lester's,
And now there's only four.

Four Belmont maidens
Tho't that they were free,
Went outside the campus,
Oh! my, me!!!! (?)

—B. B. K.



EFFUSION TO ROMEO

Oh Romeo! oh Romeo!
How oft I've heard thy tones
Arising in the chilly night,
And raised my weary bones.

I've quickly to the window sped,
There thy dear form to see;
Thy head, thy tail, thy voice upraised,
In sweetest melody.

But Romeo, thou'rt gone, dear heart,
I fear some cruel fate
Has taken thee, and I can but
Express my love too late.

—W. T. A.



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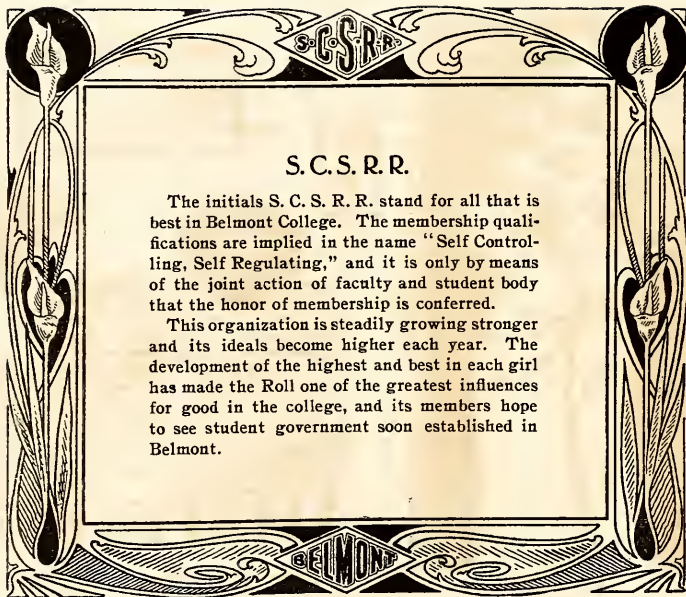
TO MISS BOYD

WHO, WITH THE MEMBERS OF HER DEPARTMENT, HAS SO
UNCEASINGLY STRIVEN TO MAKE OUR ANNUAL A
BEAUTIFUL WORK, THE STAFF TENDERS
ITS GREATEST THANKS





VISITING HOURS FROM 8 TO 9 ONLY



S. C. S. R. R.

The initials S. C. S. R. R. stand for all that is best in Belmont College. The membership qualifications are implied in the name "Self Controlling, Self Regulating," and it is only by means of the joint action of faculty and student body that the honor of membership is conferred.

This organization is steadily growing stronger and its ideals become higher each year. The development of the highest and best in each girl has made the Roll one of the greatest influences for good in the college, and its members hope to see student government soon established in Belmont.

S. C. S. R. R.

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EUDORA MAJOR Vice President

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Agnes Mary Weber
Emily Martin
Grace McGlathery
Ada Miller
Marie Miller
Wilma Polk
Nea Portwood

AT THE SIGN OF THE BARBER POLE

CHARACTERS.

Queen Berry, of Fidelity.
 Lady Merson, }
 Lady Wheeler, } Ladies in Waiting.
 Lady Cason, }
 Lee Edda, Princess of Campbell.
 Mary, her roommate.
 Marie Miller, Barber of Fidelity, and an unruly subject.
 Jean Brown, a herald.

SCENE I.

[A corridor in Fidelity, before the shop of Barber Miller. Barber pole is in the background.]

MARY—

Methinks I smell the foul pole,
 Of she who calls herself subject,
 Fie, base illusion!
 Tempt not my fair Princess,
 My dignified one of golden locks.
 Come, forget this ever present plague,
 Walk with me on yon' fair park.

LEE EDDA—

Speak not so,
 'Tis not foul play,
 'Tis but the goodly interest of one
 Wishing to promote thy beauty.
 O, thou dame fashion,
 Where hast thou made a goodlier style.

MARY—

Hark, the sound!
 Ah, 'tis her majesty, the Queen.
 Forget thy idle fancies, Princess,
 Bow thyself in humbleness
 Before thy sovereign.
 She will redeem thee from yon' barber pole.

LEE EDDA—

I care not for thy Queen,
 I will have them.
 [Sound of flourish, and Queen, accompanied by ladies in waiting approach.]

QUEEN—

What is that light—it dazzles me.
 Speak, Lady Merson,
 Else methinks I shall go mad.

LADY MERSON—

Fear not, gentle Queen,
 'Tis only the reflection of yonder barber pole.

QUEEN—

Pollute not thy lips with such foulness.
 But stay, who standeth there?

MARY—

I beg your royalty to hear me.
 Save thy goodly subject, Lee Edda;
 The evil one lurketh nigh.

QUEEN—

'Tis aught to me if she wish it.
 Let her mark her gentle features.
 Thou and my whole kingdom knowest

I think it a base style.

Next, methinks my subjects

Will shave eyebrows.

But if they wish to fall victims,

Consult not thy Queen.

[Exit Queen and attendants. Barber Miller appears in the open door.]

BARBER MILLER—

Good morrow, fair ladies,
 Come, enter into my cozy nest;
 Stay with me awhile,
 Thou needs must be weary of standing.

MARY—

Nay, I will away.
 Thy cosy nest is base;
 'Tis full of evil spirits
 And great sharp cutters for the weak.

[Exit Mary. Curtain falls on Lee Edda entering the shop of Barber Miller.]

SCENE II.

[Interior of Barber Miller's shop.]

BARBER MILLER—

Yea, thou lookest well,
 Few have sightlier bangs than thee.
 Thy roommate will likewise wish them.

LEE EDDA—

Well, I am happy!
 I fear not even the wrath of her highness;
 I am content with my bangs.

[Enter Mary.]

MARY—

Foul trapper of beauty,
 See what thou hast done.
 My Princess. Yea, she is ruined!

BARBER MILLER—

Ha! Ha! Not ruined.
 Behold the beauty of her bangs,
 See how they cling to her lily brow.
 Then, canst thou say—ruined?

LEE EDDA—

Come, Mary,
 Loosen thy black tresses;
 See how they become thee.
 Haste now, barber, cut them.
 Nay, sweet, be not alarmed,
 It will be at thy will.

MARY—

Nay, Princess, I cannot;
 Remember the Queen.
 But thinkst thou they would become me?

BARBER MILLER—

Yea, thou hast said,
 Hold thee still!
 Here a snip, there a snip.
 Behold! now thou art fair.
 Heralds, go ye forth proclaiming.

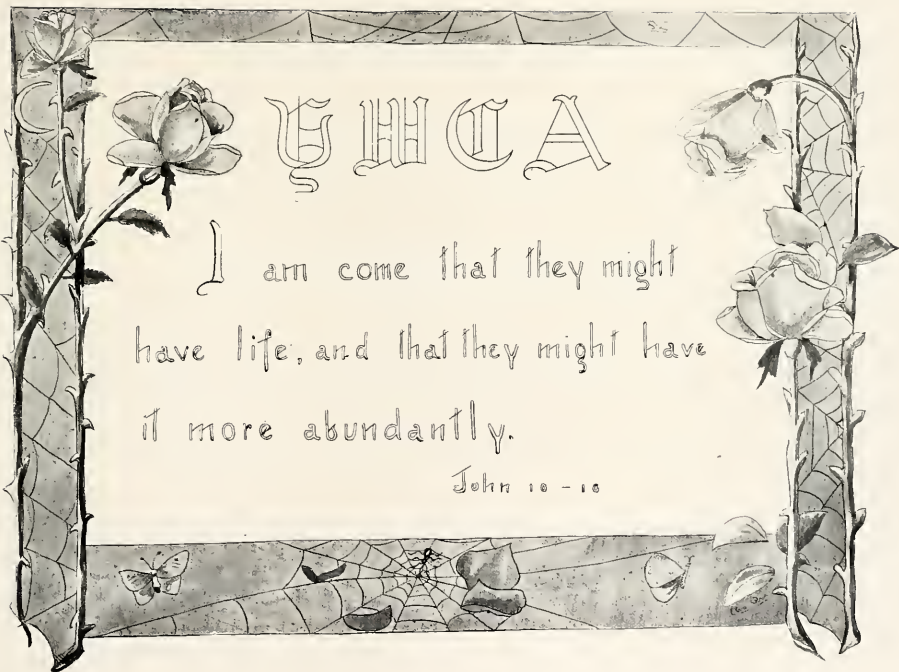
[Exit Jean, shouting the tidings through the realms.]

—M. R. B.



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Mission Study Classes meet different evenings throughout the week

Regular devotional meetings each Wednesday evening 6:40

Regular Bible hour on Sunday evening at 6:00

Bible Classes studying "Old Testament Heroes"

Bible Leaders meeting Friday evening 6:40

Mission Classes studying various fields



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MISS STELLA GAUT	Art Editor

Note—The Annual of 1904 was called "The Aitrop."

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Mary Louise Crawford	Helen Kelley	Gaynelle Robinson
Juliette Desport	Frances Klyce	Esther Shubert
Rowena Dibrell	Grace Landrith	Enid Sims
Elizabeth Drake	Elsie Latsch	Marie Sims
Loulie Fall	Marian Leftwich	Mary Steele
Lillian Freeman	Theresa Lowenstein	Anita Williams
Aline Haley	Launa Lucas	Alice Wilson
Attir Hamilton	Beatrice Manley	Penelope Winford
Norma Harris	Elizabeth McClure	Catherine Winstead
Minah Hartman		Bessie McFarland
Elizabeth Hart		Ruth McFarland

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR DAY STUDENTS

Never reach school before 10 after 9, as you will not be noticed if you come on time. Be sure to hang your coats and hats on the hatrack in the hall back of chapel, as it presents such a decorative effect. It is very advisable to cut all roll calls, as you need that time between classes to study. When Miss McElroy dismisses forms one and eight, form fourteen is expected to rise immediately and rush out, as this has been repeatedly requested from the rostrum. Never attend chapel services but take your lunch into the college parlors, as it is especially desired that the day students feel at home in the college. At 1 o'clock always come into the chapel talking and proceed to make as much noise as possible, as the day students have been granted this privilege by Miss McElroy. Never address the envelope for your reports, as the college is only too glad to accommodate the day students. Last, but not least, do not study your lessons too hard, as the shock would be too great for the teachers.



BEFORE

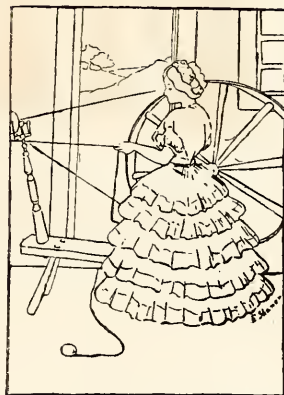
BELMONT



AFTER



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Miss Dismukes, Assistant Director

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Eloise Wilkes
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Marion Wyckoff

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Domestic Art

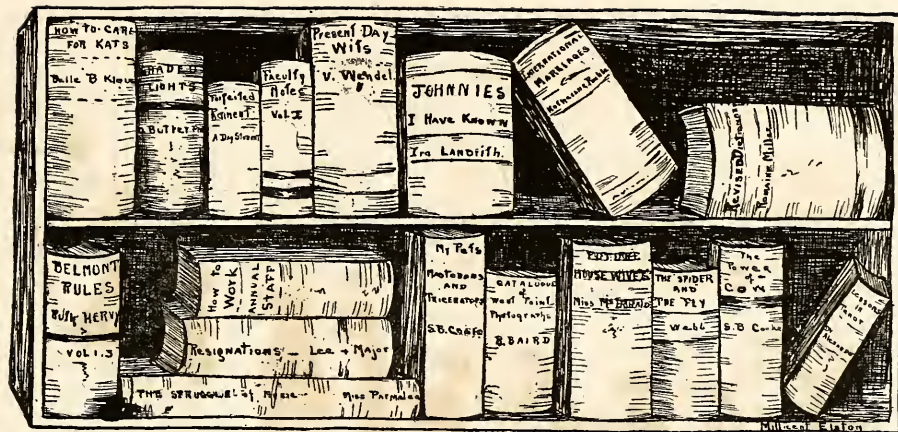
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Jeanette Bartlett
Phoebe Burgess
Mary Louise Dial
Mary Frazer
Rae Gaddis

Huldah Garth
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Aline Gullledge
Elma Haller

Vivian Holt
Mary Love
Eleanor Means
Grace McGlathery
Pearl Michael

Margaret Miller
Margaret Robertson
Elva Rowe
Ruth Scott
Margaret Snyder

Anna Steele
Ludie Team
Katherine Thompson
Helen Marie Walker
Hazel Wilson



YE ROSTRUM CHAIRS

The boldest ones avoid them,
And the shiest ones abhor them,
But I see them every morning in their place;
They are waiting to entrap you,
They are smiling slyly at you,
Rostrum chairs all scratched and crippled by
hard use.

Oh! the tales those chairs could tell her,
Oh! the anguish would impel her,
To relent and make more modern chapel rules;
But the row of chairs behind her
Smile and seem to find her
Chief promoter of their popularity.

Neither whisper nor a smile brew,
For Miss McElroy will spy you,
And straightway demand in stern tones,
While the rhythm of your heart beats
Will tune with her reproof beats,
"Take a seat—be an example for the rest."

Perhaps in years to follow,
And before our cheeks are hollow,
We will see those rostrum chairs in ruins lay;
We will gloat and jeer and jest them,
Laugh and cry aloud, "Your just end."
Rostrum chairs all scratched and crippled by
hard use.

—M. R. B.

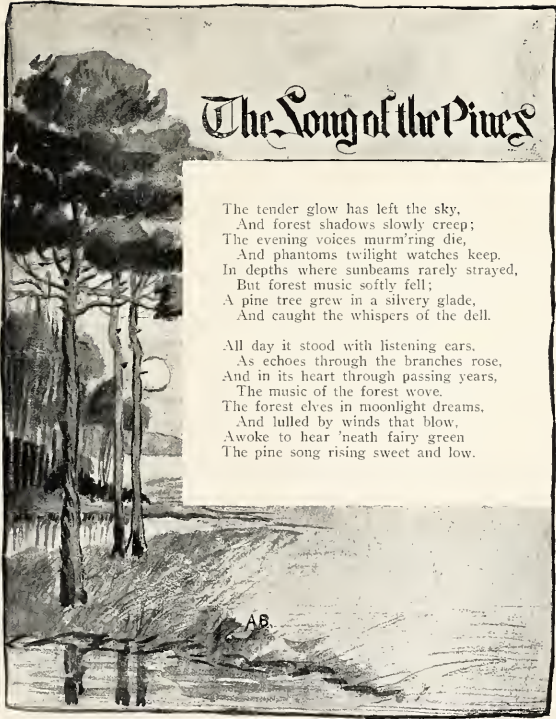


BUSINESS MANAGERS' SOLILOQUY AT 11 P. M.

To buy or not to buy—
 That is the question,
 Whether 'tis nobler to buy the Annual,
 To eat at Lui's or Skalowski's—
 Or to use the money in a helpful way
 To buy, to read—
 No more, and by to read we mean
 To use it as a family album for our friends.

'Tis a hope the staff all longs for—To buy, to
 read—
 To read, perchance to muse o'er—ay, there's
 the rub—
 For in that musing what dreams may come
 Of teachers who *would* not give advice
 To P. C.'s troubled both in mind and spirit, etc.

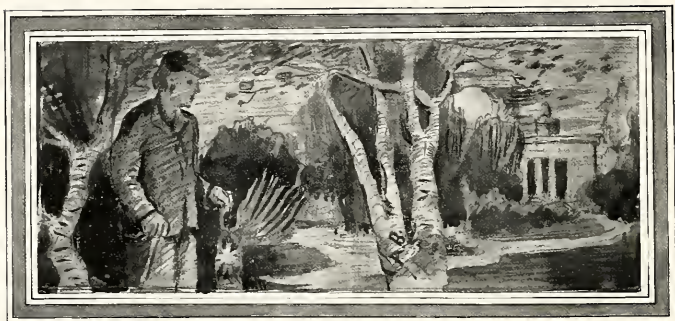
—H. K.



The Song of the Pines

The tender glow has left the sky,
And forest shadows slowly creep;
The evening voices murmur die,
And phantoms twilight watches keep.
In depths where sunbeams rarely strayed,
But forest music softly fell;
A pine tree grew in a silvery glade,
And caught the whispers of the dell.

All day it stood with listening ears,
As echoes through the branches rose,
And in its heart through passing years,
The music of the forest wove.
The forest elves in moonlight dreams,
And lulled by winds that blow,
Awoke to hear 'neath fairy green
The pine song rising sweet and low.



The Night Watchman

In the darkest hours of midnight, in the earliest
hours of day,
With his lantern and his night clock, wends the
watchman on his way,
Through the park, the courts, and buildings,
keeping dangers all away.

Lonely wanderer through the night time, ever
trusty, ever true,
Ever watchful, ever ready, some kind act, some
deed to do:
All our safety, all our welfare, through the night
we trust to you.

—JAMIE BATEMAN.

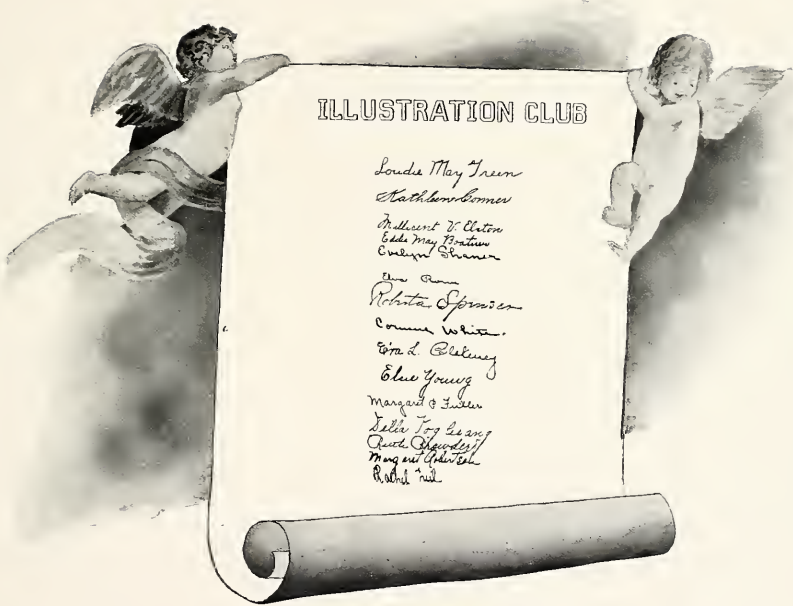


ILLUSTRATION CLUB

Louise May Trever
Hathornbomen

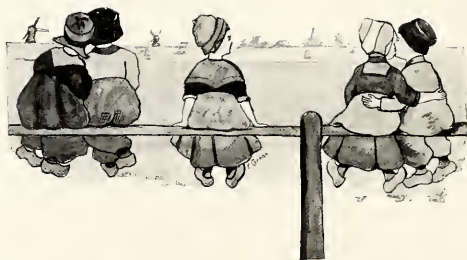
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Edith May Trever
Cecilia Trever

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Robert Sprague
Constance Trever

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Edith Trever

Margaret A. Trever

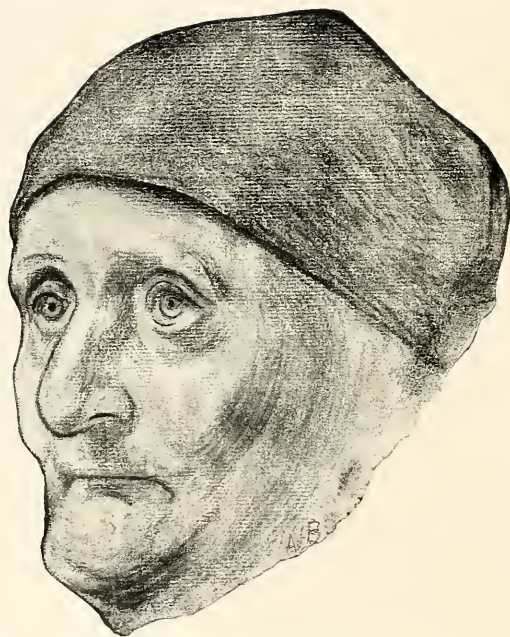
John Trever
Charles Trever
Margaret Trever
Robert Trever



LEFT



GOOD NIGHT



WELL, THEY ARE YOUNG



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Very truly yours,
(Signed) IRA LANDRITH,
President Belmont College



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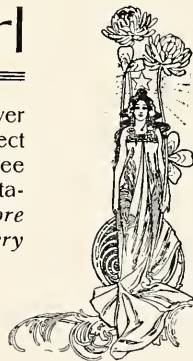
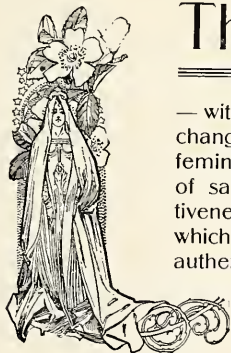
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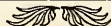
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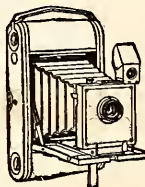


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